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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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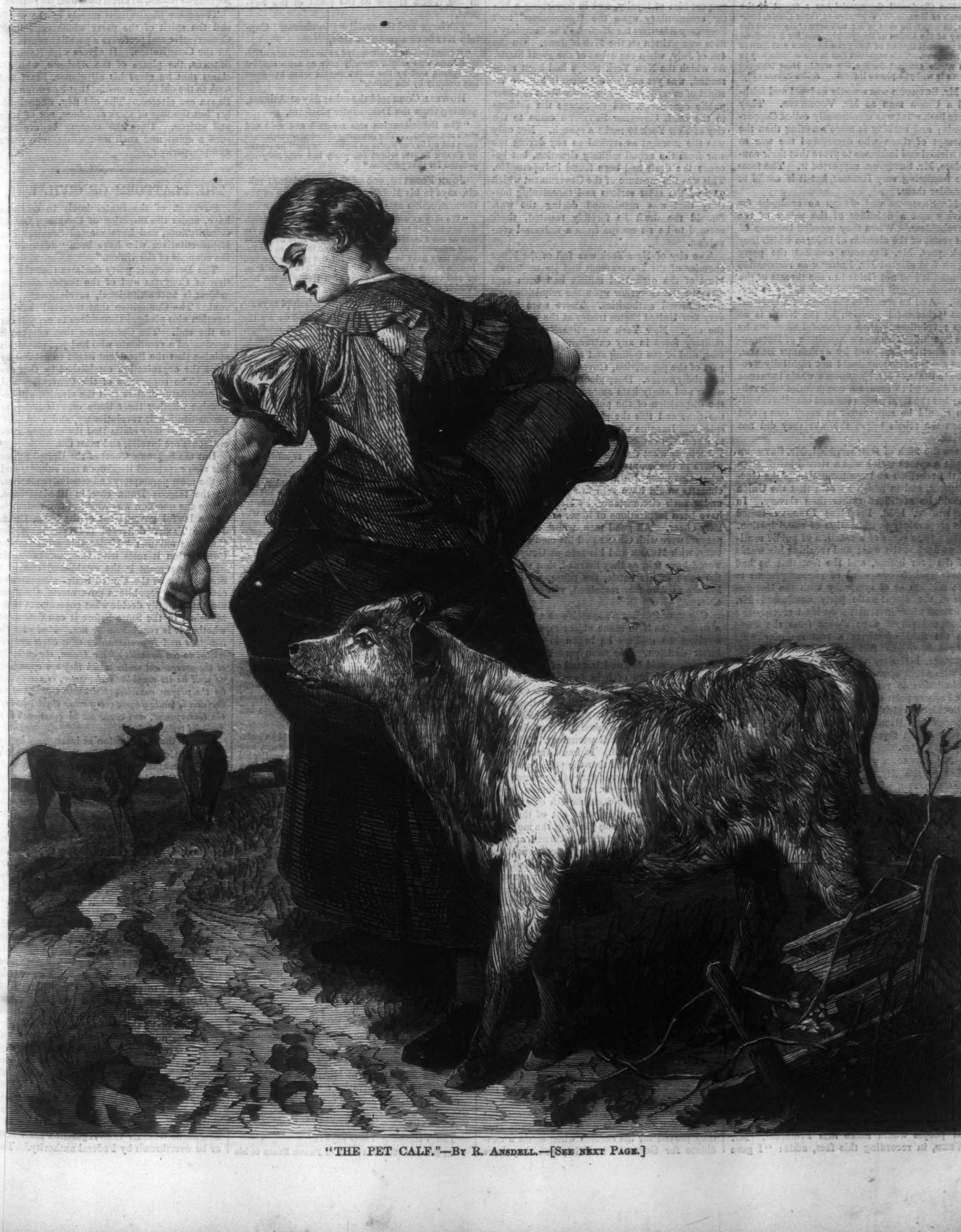


"THE PET CALF."—By R. Ansdell.—[See next Page.]

"THE PET CALF."

We give on the preceding page one of the most pleasing of the works of art exhibited at the Leeds (England) Gallery, and one which we are sure will appeal to the sense and taste of all our friends in the country. "The Pet Calf" of Mr. Ansdell, the artist, is an admirable representation of an incident which we have all seen at some farmstead—a young heifer, shy and timid, half afraid yet half inclined to make a friend of the pretty milkmaid, with bright, sparkling eyes and pleasant smile, who coaxes the wild little creature to follow her, and who has already no doubt given it its meal of milk from the can.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, September 5, 1868.

A "SOLEMN KEY."

We have received the following note from Dayton, Ohio:

> "The Cincinnati *Commercial* has a report of the speech of Hon. D. W. Voorhees at Terre Haute, Indiana, in which he says of Mr. Seymour: 'He saved the army of the Union at Gettysburg, and for it received the personal thanks of Abraham Lincoln and Edwin M. Stanton. This recorded fact is the solemn key to his whole conduct during the war.' How true the above is will you please inform A Republican?"

Mr. Seymour was exactly as loyal and faithful a Union man as Mr. Voorhees. They were both what was significantly called Copperheads; and nothing is more amusing than the attempt of those who denounced the war as fratricidal and infamous to prove that their candidate, Mr. Seymour, supported it. The facts are becoming very familiar, but it is useful to consider them.

Mr. Seymour was always an apologist for slavery and a defender of the policy of the slaveholders. When they seceded because of the result of the election of 1860, in which they took part, Mr. Seymour assailed the party which had elected Mr. Lincoln as responsible because it had not yielded to the threats of the slaveholders and permitted their policy to prevail. And he stated in the form of a question that "successful coercion by the North is no less revolutionary than successful secession by the South." This was a repetition of Buchanan's doctrine, supplied by Jeremiah Black, that the Government could not rightfully "coerce" a State. Mr. Seymour's whole influence was directed to secure a compromise with rebels; but the loyal people insisted that the rebellion should be suppressed at every cost; and when the rebels began the war they did not shrink.

On the 28th of October, 1861, Mr. Seymour made a speech which was a virtual justification of the rebellion and condemnation of the Government, and in which he said that the Union should be sacrificed rather than slavery. In September, 1862, President Lincoln issued his preparatory proclamation of emancipation. There were signs of a reaction of public sentiment against the war; and recalling his words of the year before, and the fact that he had never spoken one word of encouragement to the soldiers or of sympathy with the Government, the Democratic party nominated Mr. Seymour for Governor. At least seventy-five thousand voters were absent from the State in the field, of whom a vast majority were opposed to him. But notwithstanding this advantage, his party managers were afraid of trusting him upon a platform of unconditional submission to rebellion, and Judge Stryker and others persuaded him to make a speech at Brooklyn, which was the same kind of war speech that Richard O'Gorman made in the great Union Square meeting after the firing upon Sumter.

Mr. Seymour was elected Governor, by the vote of the city of New York, over General Wadsworth, who had a majority of the votes in the rest of the State. It was the hope and expectation of his party that he would embarrass the national authorities by his official action, and his appointment of John A. Green, one of the most notorious Copperheads, to a high military position in the State, greatly encouraged the peace faction. But the work that was logically and justly expected of Mr. Seymour was nothing less than a counter-revolution. His message in January, 1863, showed the willing spirit, but the flesh was weak. Instead of recalling the New York regiments, or taking some decisive step of open hostility, Governor Seymour chose the safer path of destroying confidence in the Government, and thereby paralyzing the national arm.

The dark summer of 1863 found Lee marching into Pennsylvania. On the 15th of June, Secretary Stanton asked aid of Governor Seymour "to repel this invasion" of the States of Pennsylvania and Maryland. The Governor sent the troops. On the 27th of June Secretary Stanton thanked him for his "energy, activity, and patriotism," and President Lincoln also thanked him. The latter further told him, through Mr. Thurlow Weed, that if he would use all his power to crush the rebellion, a grateful people would make him President. Mr. Weed, in recording this fact, adds: "I gave the message of an enlightened and patriotic President to a metaphysically-muddled Governor, whose Secession and Copperhead proclivities and associations brought deserved reproach and destruction upon himself and his party." The simple truth is, that when the demand of the Government for troops was made upon him, Governor Seymour was suddenly compelled either to begin the counter-revolution by refusal, or to send the regiments. But, as the soldiers were not to "invade the South," but to defend a State from invasion, he found an excuse for avoiding a responsibility which he did not dare to assume. That his action belied his words and wishes, and disappointed the ardent men of his own party, is indisputable; and that the expressions of the Secretary of War revealed the intensity of his anxiety lest Governor Seymour should act as he had always spoken, is no less unquestionable. Had the loyalty of every Governor been what Mr. Seymour's was, the result of the war may be conceived.

Governor Seymour lost no time, however, in showing his party friends that they need not suspect him of loyalty, and in furnishing a bitter commentary upon the "patriotism" that Secretary Stanton mentioned. The Secretary's note was written on the 27th of June. On the 4th of July, when the event of the great battle, for which the New York troops had been summoned, was yet unknown—when it was the instinct of every loyal and generous heart to cheer public confidence, and encourage the soldiers in the field, Governor Seymour came to the city of New York to make a speech. Not only was the moment as critical as any during the war from the actual military situation, but because the draft had been found indispensable. This was the measure of the Government which excited the most serious and threatening hostility that was manifested during the war. Should the draft be forcibly resisted, there seemed to be no escape from a universal convulsion.

The city of New York was full of the bitter enemies of the Government and its measures. Most of the organized militia had been sent away by the Governor upon the requisition of the national authorities. There were but a very few United States troops at the posts near the city. New York was virtually without a military force in any extremity; and of this fact, and of the feeling and character of a vast part of the population, Governor Seymour was especially aware. Deep gloom among the loyal, eager and angry hate among the disloyal, was the disposition of the public mind. This was the time and this the place of the Governor's speech. Imagine what a man would have said to whom the cause and the country were dear. Remember what thoroughly loyal citizens every where in the country felt that day! Imagine what Governor John A. Andrew of Massachusetts would have said in such an hour and under such circumstances! His words would have been inspirations of hope, and faith, and lofty cheer. All good men, whose hearts and prayers were with Grant and his men at Vicksburg, with Meade and his men at Gettysburg, would have felt, as they listened, that whatever the issue of the battle, the cause, while such leaders as Andrew remained, was unconquerable.

Governor Seymour's speech was a taunt and a sneer. As if to make abject repentance for sending the soldiers he began in a strain of bitter derision. We were promised victories for to-day, said he, and instead of them comes the midnight cry of help from Pennsylvania. He proceeded to paint the situation as hopelessly as he could, and, alluding to the draft, warned the Government that the bloody doctrine of public necessity could be proclaimed by a mob as well as by a Government. The mob heard and applauded. It knew that the soldiers were absent, and that the police were few, however brave. It was sure of the secret sympathy of the Governor, and it made ready. Having sown the seed on the 4th of July, the Governor, on the 11th, went out of the State into New Jersey, and on the 13th the mob rose. On the 14th the Governor returned and addressed the rioters dripping with innocent blood, saying to them, "Let me assure you that I am your friend;" and adding, that, "as a test of my friendship," he had sent to Washington "to have this draft suspended and stopped." On Thursday night the militia and United States troops began to arrive, and the riots were suppressed. On the 3d of August the Governor wrote to the President urging the suspension of the draft, saying, threateningly, as if to suggest another mob, "the temper of the people to-day you can readily learn."

Horatio Seymour bitterly denounced the war; palliated the rebellion; denied the right of the Government to "coerce States;" discouraged enlistments; pronounced for slavery rather than union; sneered at the "promised" victories; instigated the riots; threateningly urged the suspension of the draft; presided over the Chicago Convention that called the war a failure, and demanded submission of the Government, and by his whole conduct so satisfied the rebels and Copperheads that they prayed for his success when again a candidate for Governor in 1864, and they have made him their candidate for President in 1868. On the other hand, when Lee invaded Pennsylvania in 1863, and the national authorities asked aid to repel him, Governor Seymour sent the State regiments and was thanked. Whether this is saving the army at Gettysburg, and is "the solemn key" to his conduct during the war, our correspondent may now decide. Whether it is the story of a loyal American citizen the country has long ago decided.

THE STARS AND BARS AT THE DEMOCRATIC PEAK.

The spirit and method of the Democratic party in this election can not be too constantly exposed. Their orators can not restrain their threats. As in 1860 they said that "the South" could not be expected to acquiesce in a defeat at the polls, so now their speeches are in the same tone. Wade Hampton, the chief Southern Democratic leader, in his first speech after the nominations, said, that Seymour and Blair in a certain contingency must be placed in the White House at the point of the bayonet.

The large and the small cry in chorus. Captain Rynders announces that,

> "If fraud should be attempted he would be one of the multitude who would literally take up arms against the tyrant, and by the bullet regain what had been lost unfairly by the ballot."

Howell Cobb said the other day at Atlanta, quoting from the Democratic platform,

> "The Reconstruction acts are null and void and shall not stand....The grinning skeletons which have been set up in our midst as legislators shall be ousted by Frank Blair, whom our party has expressly appointed for that purpose."

John Forsyth, one of the most blatant rebels, says in his Mobile *Register*, speaking of the reconstruction acts:

> "We may as well say that the people of the South do not intend to submit to that permanent rule, result as the Presidential election may. And they have only submitted to its indignities and insults so far because they have been waiting for the good sense and justice of the American people to relieve them from it, and restore them to their civil rights in the November election."

The Meridian *Mercury* in Mississippi says:

> "We must make the negro understand we are the men we were when we held him in abject bondage, and make him feel that when forbearance ceases to be a virtue he has aroused a power that will control him or destroy him."

Wade Hampton, in a speech in Charleston, says:

> "Agree among yourselves, and act firmly on this agreement, that you will not employ any one who votes the Radical ticket. Use all the means that are in your hands to control this element."

The Democratic clubs are following Hampton's advice. One in Columbia recently resolved:

> "That no member of the club shall employ, rent lands to, or patronize any Radical, after the present contracts have expired; and that from this date we will not give any employment to any freedmen who are straggling over the country as day-laborers who can not show that they are members of some Democratic association."

The *Republican Banner*, a Democratic organ in Nashville, announces that in a conflict of races:

> "So far as the white native citizens of this State may be compelled to take part in it they will be very careful throughout the sanguinary carnival which would naturally ensue to remember Fort Pillow in act as well as word, and
> 'Throughout the bloody conflict
> Seek the white man, not the black.'"

The hero of the massacre at Fort Pillow, and a delegate to the Democratic Convention, General Forrest, said at a recent meeting of rebel officers in Memphis, speaking of the militia bill of that State:

> "Troops would be called out. They would be backed by the Federal forces. President Johnson, notwithstanding all he and others had done to gratify his pride in the National Convention, had gone back upon the Democracy. He did not look for any help from him; but it mattered not how many were arrayed against him and his old comrades.....He would toot his horn. He knew that his old troops would answer as they had always done. He bade them arm themselves, and be ready. They were already drilled, and needed no drilling.....*He should be in favor of giving no quarter!*"

Undoubtedly; and General Forrest was of the same opinion at Fort Pillow.

Mr. Green Clay Smith, Governor of Montana, in a late speech for Seymour and Blair in Washington, remarked:

> "Virginia, as well as all the Southern States, is entitled to the same privileges as before the rebellion. She was conquered as Virginia, and is still the State of Virginia, and her electoral vote must be counted. Should it be cast for Grant it would be counted by this Radical party, and the Democrats would say Amen. Should it be cast for Seymour and Blair, by the Eternal it shall be counted."

The new organ of the Democratic party in New York, the *Democrat*, says:

> "It will persistently and unflinchingly advocate the equality of States or another war."

General Battle, of the rebel army, advocates Seymour and Blair at Mobile in a strain of which this is an illustration:

> "The Democratic party....indorses principles for which you battled.....Not only does it declare in favor of that Constitution so dear to you," etc., etc.

The Vicksburg *Times* says:

> "It was this identical letter of Frank Blair to his friend, Colonel Brodhead, that secured the Missouri hero the nomination for Vice-President. We want just such ammunition as Frank Blair uses."

Albert Pike, strenuous for Seymour and Blair, exclaims, in the Memphis *Appeal:*

> "The South is our land; the North is a foreign and hostile realm......The day will come when the South will be independent."

Mr. Ramsey, a Democratic orator in Georgia, says:

> "We are in the midst of a great revolution which may end peaceably at the ballot-box; but if not, then the true men of the South will rally once more around their now folded banner, and will try the issue at the cartridge-box......There are men in the North who are now truly with you, and who will in such a conflict, if necessary, lead your battalions."

The Petersburg *Index* declares that

> "Virginians are not to be frightened. Virginia has an unquestionable right to vote, and Virginia will vote......To the counting of our votes the National Democracy stands solemnly pledged."

Mr. Williamson, in a speech at Shreveport, Louisiana, says:

> "Let no man leave his native State. Let us lay our bones in Louisiana; and if these scalawags and carpet-baggers remain, let's hunt them from the country."

These are illustrations merely of the words and the spirit of the party which calls itself Conservative and professes a peculiar veneration for the Constitution. It agrees with Raphael Semmes, the pirate of the *Alabama*, who declares that he gives his allegiance, heart and soul, to the old flag, *provided* that Seymour and Blair are elected. The old flag, undoubtedly; but the flag of stars and bars, not of stars and stripes. Does the country believe that such a spirit and such men will secure peace and prosperity?

THE PLATFORM OF CIVIL WAR.

Several of the States lately in rebellion have, under the direction of Congress, framed Constitutions, and have elected Senators and Representatives who have been "admitted to the councils of the Union."

The Democratic party declares that the action of Congress and of the States upon the subject is unconstitutional, revolutionary, and void. The Committee that reported the declaration also pledged themselves to carry it out to the end. The Convention that adopted it nominated a candidate who had just stated his opinion that the President ought to subvert by force the organization established by that action. The supporters of the Convention and its candidates declare that the election will determine whether those State organizations are unconstitutional, revolutionary, and void. If they succeed they claim that the existing governments are invalid, and must fall.

But the Supreme Court of the United States has also expressed itself upon this subject, and in the most peremptory and conclusive manner. In the famous Dorr case, in Rhode Island, where the question was which of two claimants is the lawful government of the State, Chief-Justice Taney delivered the opinion of the Court, as follows: "Under this article of the Constitution it rests with Congress to decide what government is the established one in a State. For as the United States guarantee to each State a republican government, Congress must necessarily decide what government is established in the State before it can determine whether it is republican or not. *And when the Senators and Representatives of a State are admitted to the councils of the Union, the authority of the government under which they are appointed, as well as its republican character, is recognized by the proper constitutional authority. And its decision is binding upon every other department of the Government, and could not be questioned in a judicial tribunal.*"

This is the Constitution as interpreted by the Supreme Court. Of course, therefore, when a State government has been recognized by Congress, its Constitution can be changed only according to its own provisions or by revolution. It is consequently impossible to disturb the present State organization of South Carolina, for instance, or of Alabama in any other way. When, therefore, General Blair and the Democratic party insist that it shall be done by the direct command of the President to the army, it spurns the Supreme Court which says that the President is bound in this matter by the action of Congress, and it appeals openly to revolution.

The Democratic papers which before the meeting of the New York Convention admitted this, which said that a change in the new State organizations could not be otherwise made "even if we elect a President," and which added, "and as to proclaiming a vain purpose to do it, we do not see how that is to help us gain, either in the North or the South, the votes needed to make the Democratic party a majority," have now been driven by the party whip into the revolutionary attitude. They said then: "When the Democratic party comes into power negro suffrage will be the existing rule in the Southern States; a rule which can no more be rightfully abrogated by Federal authority than it was rightfully introduced by Federal authority." They now say the election is to determine whether that regulation shall stand or be overthrown by Federal authority. They hoped that their campaign would be conducted upon lawful, constitutional grounds. They find that it is defiantly waged upon an issue of open revolution, and they acquiesce.

HARVEST PROSPECTS ABROAD AND AT HOME.

All the circumstances connected with the drought in Great Britain and Ireland will be deliberately weighed, as it is one of those remarkable visitations which leave a deep impress upon the condition of the people. It affects immediately the comfort, health, and prosperity of the whole kingdom, and will be the means of transferring to those food-producing countries which possess a surplus no inconsiderable share of the profits which the English annually derive from their great manufacturing industry. If the United States had suffered this misfortune we could not have borne it without an amount of distress, social and pecuniary, that would have imperiled our entire financial system. It falls upon a kingdom of immense accumulated wealth, whose fortitude and activity will be commensurate with the calamity. They will meet it without the shock that would have been occasioned here. We should be thankful to an All-wise Providence that we inhabit a land not yet so thickly populated as to be exposed to want on the score of food, and that we look to the results of harvests in other countries only to know to what part of the world we shall send the large surplus of our agricultural industry. Centuries must pass before this power shall be changed. The advantage of our rich lands—the only unfailing capital—we seem scarcely to know until the sufferings of those people are spread before us who, having ever an insufficient supply of food from their own tillage, are compelled to watch with intense interest the harvests and the granaries of all other countries. England nearly half a century ago awoke to the fact that her population had become too redundant to feed without importing grain. In 1858 her importations of food for home consumption amounted in value to over a quarter of a million of dollars. They may be reckoned now at between four and five hundred millions in our currency, without estimating the unusual want which this year's drought will occasion. What value the English will be obliged to import to make up for their present deficiency in the thirteen months between their present and the next harvest is not estimated in the British press, but how they shall meet the deficiency is the absorbing theme of discussion in England. An unusual number of their agents is now scattered over the world to obtain supplies at the cheapest rates, so that the burden of the drought may not be too oppressive. The opinion is universally expressed in their newspapers that, owing to the extent of their wheat crop, the price must fall; but occasionally the power of foreign countries to fix it is admitted, as in the comprehensive article in the London *Saturday Review* of the 1st of August. "Foreign supplies are necessary in the most favorable years, and the extent and availability of those supplies have always an important influence upon prices. *Prima facie*, with a good crop at home, prices should go down, *but that would not be the case unless we can be assured of abundant imports.* Our interest in the crops of foreign countries is therefore only second to that which we have in our own." . . . . "The world's granaries are very empty, and there is but little on the way from foreign parts." This is what we have contended for, that the price of grain at Liverpool this year will be determined more by the cost of her imports than by the home supply.

The situation in England we understand to be this. An unusual breadth of land has been sown in wheat, and the advantage has been enjoyed of gathering it without damage from rains. It is assumed there, quite universally, that the crop is not only the largest, but the best ever harvested. Mr. Mechi, the eminent agriculturist, states that this is so, and gives the quantity per acre and the weight of his own production to sustain the position; but whether his lands were irrigated or not from the stream which he says has flowed with sufficient abundance through his farm does not appear. Mr. Little, an intelligent correspondent of the London *Times*, doubts if the general estimate by the community is accurate, as it would show that wheat could come to perfect maturity without the benefit of rains in the growing months. These it wanted in April, May, June, and July, and he refers the abundance of the crop during a previous season of drought to the advantage of copious rains in June, although the residue of the season was dry. We suppose that when this year's crop is measured, which is possible only of a part of it, it will be found deficient per acre, both in quantity and quality, and particularly as to spring wheat. The English have a saying that drought there never breeds dearth, and another that if successful in wheat it matters not so much as to the other crops; but these were originated when the population could be fed easily by home production. Bacon said, "In times of dearth it drained much coin out of the kingdom to furnish us with corn from foreign parts." The impression doubtless prevails, as it is assiduously published of this *national* crop—for such wheat is—that it is so abundant as to affect the price of what they will obtain in other markets. The fact, however, must be the reverse of this, whether the wheat crop be large or small.

We published in December some statistics showing that 34,700,000 acres of land, of the 77,000,000 of which the United Kingdom is composed, remain uncultivated. The residue, 42,300,000 acres, is divided into lands devoted to grains, roots, clover, gardens, etc., consisting of about 20,000,000 acres, and the remainder to pasturage. The wheat lands, which are the strongest and best, consist of between 3,500,000 and 4,000,000 acres, but the disproportion between them and the whole shows that the fate of the residue is much more important to England in every season. It is upon this residue that her millions of animals are fed, that the enormous products of her dairy are raised; and it is here that the drought has fallen with most severity. Our English files show that so dry is the herbage, and so full of dried leaves the woods, that fires—consuming occasionally grain fields, stacks, barns, and houses, and running over heaths and through woods; lighted by engines, and from the careless use of matches—had opened a new source of danger. Cattle were universally suffering, and we suppose—dwelling no longer on these painful details—that the destruction of pastures and green crops constitutes the chief element of loss, and will impose a necessity for imports far exceeding what would have arisen from the entire destruction of all the wheat alone.

The activity of Liverpool in obtaining supplies now in California—which has already loaded several vessels—in the markets of the Baltic and Black Seas, and particularly here, is due to the necessity to bridge over the time which will elapse before the new crop of the world will be capable of safe transfer. In October and November, up to the close of navigation, new wheat will come forward from the West; but as Indian corn of the crop of 1867 did not reach this market till February of this year, and that by railroad, and not in very good condition, the crop of 1868 is not expected to arrive much sooner than February, 1869, unless stimulated by an important demand. Southern markets could supply it earlier, though with danger of heating. It is the old crop of wheat and corn on which reliance in the mean time is placed; and as this exists in only limited quantities, the holders of it, wherever they may be, hold what will unquestionably continue to be in great demand. The *City of Boston* took out twenty-five barrels of potatoes, which is the second new feature of this year's trade. The want of England will be urgent for wheat and barley at her planting-season in September, October, and part of November; but for the six months' supply of food she will require immediately before her harvest of 1869 she will be able to call upon this year's crop in every agricultural region. Our means of supply will be quite ample, while competing countries on the Baltic and Black Seas are suffering from drought, and Spain and France, if not importers, can not be exporters of grain. Our surplus on hand and from this year's planting will all be wanted; and as our farmers are almost never obliged to sacrifice their grain, their ample rewards will bestow activity on all the great interests of the country.

POLITICAL TERRORISM.

The exhortations of the Southern Democratic leaders against the employment of all freedmen who have not certificates of Democracy, and the immense advantage which the land-holding and educated class, organized for the purpose of coercion, necessarily have over the landless laborers who depend upon them for employment, should suggest to every good citizen the actual situation in the Southern States. It is the determination of the managers of the Democratic party to carry those States at every hazard; and we repeat what we said last week that he must cherish curious views of human nature who does not see the chances of their success.

A fair appeal to the people of the United States could result in nothing but the most signal Republican triumph. But the Democratic party does not mean to have a fair appeal. Hitherto it has been considered infamous for employers to coerce in any manner the vote of their workmen. If the proprietors of any great factories, for instance, in New York, should privately announce that all the hands would be dismissed who did not vote a prescribed ticket, they would be justly denounced as traitors to the most sacred principle of freedom of the ballot. If they did it publicly, they would be branded as public enemies. Yet the Democratic leaders in the Southern States say openly to the party, "Agree among yourselves, and act firmly on this belief that you will not employ any one who votes the Radical ticket." That means much more than it could mean elsewhere in the country. It means starvation. Meanwhile the Democratic clubs in those States are organizing with this purpose, and they will obey their instructions with murderous fidelity.

The answer made to such remarks is, that the Republicans control the State governments, and they must keep order by means of the State militia. But there is no militia in the Southern States. The State governments have no arms, and the supplying of arms to them by the National authorities is forbidden. The only arms in those States are in the hands of the late rebels.

The situation of multitudes of loyal voters there is consequently this: they are ignorant; they have a habit of dependence; they own no land, and look for employment to those who despise them as inferiors, and who openly declare that whoever will not vote as they direct shall starve. Against those who will not be intimidated by this threat the employers will not hesitate to use force and every kind of terrorism; the State authorities who should keep the peace have no arms; and the President to whom the authority may constitutionally appeal takes sides with the employers. Of course, under such circumstances there is a very plain danger that the minority of the voters in those States may coerce the majority. On the one hand, there are armed Democratic organizations professedly engaged in coercion of the vote of the poor laborer; on the other, there is a State government to which a law of Congress refuses arms. It is the imperative duty of Congress to secure a fair election; and the situation in the Southern States seems to us a sufficient reason for a September session.

THE MASK FALLING.

The New York *World*, which was the chief Democratic paper in the city of New York until the recent establishment here of the *La Crosse Democrat*, under the name of the *Democrat*, always speaks of the General of the United States Army, who compelled Lee to surrender and Davis to fly, with the utmost scorn and contempt. It finds immense satisfaction in calling him sneeringly Hiram or Ulysses or Simpson, or Hiram Ulysses Sidney Simpson Napoleon. A few weeks ago, having deprecated "violence and scurrility" in political argument, and extolled "dignity and candor," it illustrated its exhortations by this exquisitely humorous and dignified argument, wholly free from scurrility:

> "Sam Ulysses he got drunk,
> Fell in the fire and kicked up a chunk,
> Kicked up a chunk and broke his shin;
> Guess that he won't do it again."

The same paper is not satisfied, however, with ribaldry upon General Grant. Speaking of the civil administration of other eminent Union Generals in the Southern States—soldiers whom the Democratic party will never forgive, both for their success in suppressing the rebellion, and for their subsequent resolute defense of loyal Southern men against rebel Democrats—the *World* says:

> "We will not follow these men into that retirement in which life is not long enough for them to linger until their excesses can either be forgotten or repaired. They have acted their part, strutted their little hour, and they can stand aside.....The men were either political courtesans, like Pope and Sickles; wooden literalists, like Meade, M'Dowell, and Canby; inflated popinjays, like Ord; or impetuous, insubordinate men, like Sheridan and Mower. Bad as the laws were, they had a humane side which these men were too stupid to see or too hardened to regard. Hence the suffering of the South, and hence the reproach under which these eight generals writhe."

On the other hand the same paper says of a speech of Wade Hampton, one of the most implacable of the rebel chiefs, who supports Seymour and Blair because he thinks their election the surest way for the "lost cause" to be recovered, that it "does honor to the American character." "In those words the true American citizen speaks." Wade Hampton says that the cause of "the South" is not lost, and that the present political contest involves issues more momentous than those of that which is just ended. Such words can have but one meaning; and the *World*, which sneers at Grant and maligns his associates, rapturously exclaims that Wade Hampton "exhibits a practical temper and a just political vision which do honor to the American character."

BASE COIN.

John A. Griswold is unassailed and unassailable as a candidate for Governor of New York, except by the merest partisan recklessness. Some of the most unscrupulous of the Democratic papers have been endeavoring to tarnish his patriotism in connection with the monitors. If the reader, however, will remember that Mr. Griswold left the Democratic party because of its attitude during the rebellion, he will perceive both a very obvious explanation of Democratic slanders, and a very cogent presumption against any unpatriotic action. But Mr. Griswold's patriotism and character are not subjects of presumption.

Mr. Griswold, with C. S. Bushnell and J. F. Winslow, contracted with the Government to build an iron-clad vessel upon Ericsson's model. The Naval Board prescribed that there should be a guarantee and forfeiture in case of failure to withstand the heaviest fire at the shortest range and only one hundred days were allowed for the work. Mr. Griswold and his partners agreed, and as the advances of the Government for material and labor were insufficient, Mr. Griswold supplied the balance, and the vessel was built and delivered according to contract. Mr. Griswold and his partners risked $275,000, the stipulated price, which would have been lost had the *Monitor* failed in the fight with the *Merrimac*. So, after the contract was made for the *Dictator* and *Puritan*, Mr. Rice, the chairman of the Naval Committee in the House, moved to amend so that the Government should pay the then value of the *Puritan* and the material on hand necessary for her construction. Mr. Griswold voted for the motion, which saved Captain Ericsson from ruin.

This base coin of miserable slander, with which the Democratic papers conduct the campaign, representing Mr. Griswold as a selfish and grasping trader in national misfortunes, and General Grant as a weak, worthless cotton thief, should be very summarily nailed to the counter.

A SENSIBLE SCHEME.

We recommend to our readers a consideration of the Tennessee Manual Labor University, chartered by the Legislature of that State, and under the control of the colored citizens. The Board of Trustees have purchased a site of three hundred acres in Rutherford County, twenty-seven miles from Nashville, and near Murfreesborough. The object of the institution is to furnish to the indigent youth of the State an opportunity for literary, physical, and moral education. The principal feature is the instruction proposed to be given to young men and women in manual labor. The agent of this institution, who is collecting contributions in this city—Mr. Daniel Wadkins—comes to us with authentic certificates from Governor Brownlow and other prominent citizens of Tennessee. We recommend the scheme to all philanthropists who desire to promote the interests of the freedmen in that State.

LEAD PIPE AND LEAD POISONING.

It is beyond dispute that all the "salts" and "oxides" of lead are dangerous poisons. It is affirmed, upon the highest scientific authority, that some of these poisonous compounds are inevitably produced by the contact with lead of any of the water found in nature. The results of lead poison are well known. They take mainly the general forms of colic and paralysis. The quantity of lead necessary to manifest its effects is very small. Every glass of even the purest water which has passed through a leaden pipe is liable to contain more or less lead. Lead, moreover, possesses the special property, that when introduced into the human system it is not readily thrown off, but remains there, so that quantities almost infinitesimally introduced, in time amount to sufficient to produce their normal effect. It has long been a desideratum to produce a pipe for the conveyance of water for domestic use which should be free from this serious objection. Iron pipes meet this want, but are troublesome from rust, leaking at joints, difficulty of repairing, and their adaptation to the various indispensable situations is so difficult that they can never come into general use. Tin was next thought of. This metal is only very slightly acted upon by any of the substances contained in water, and none of the compounds thus formed are poisonous. There were, however, many obstacles—mechanical and economical—to be surmounted in adapting this metal to that purpose. These obstacles, we are assured, have been overcome in the "Lead-Encased Block-Tin Pipe," manufactured by The Colwells, Shaw, & Willard Manufacturing Company. This consists simply of a continuous pipe of solid tin, encased with an exterior covering of lead, so that the water conveyed through it never comes in contact with the poisonous lead, but only with the innocuous tin. The manufacturers also claim that the "plumbing" of a house, taking all things into consideration, can be executed as economically by the tin-encased, as by the usual lead pipe.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

NEWS ITEMS.

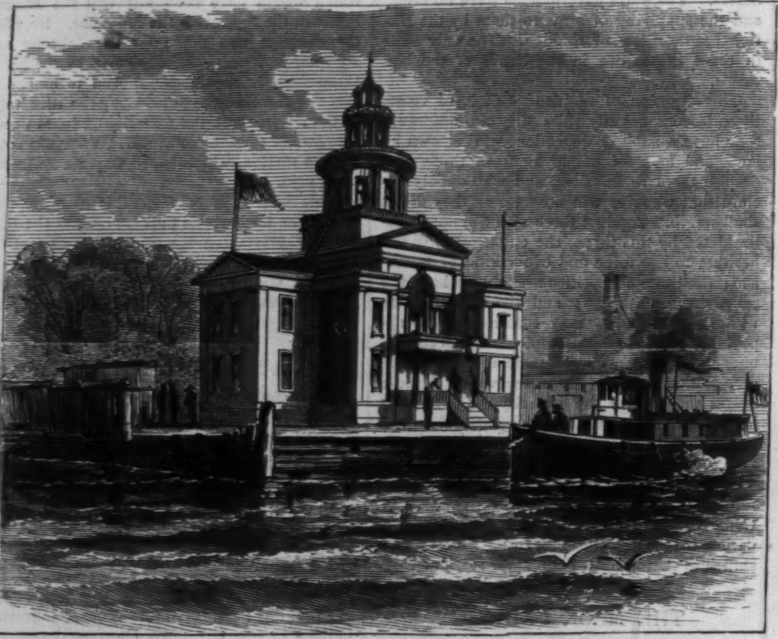
General Sherman has officially informed the Secretary of War that the Indian atrocities in Kansas are too horrible to detail, and that he has directed General Sheridan, who is in pursuit, to inflict summary punishment upon the perpetrators. The President and the Secretary have both acquiesced in General Sherman's instructions in the matter. Gen. Sheridan has issued an order directing the forcible removal of the Indians to their reservations, and compelling them to deliver up the perpetrators of the guilty acts. All commercial or friendly intercourse with them is forbidden. General Sherman reports to the War Department that he has ordered General Sheridan to kill if necessary, and the President has again signified his approval.

The Russian Grand Duke Alexis sailed for this country on August 22. He is the third son of the present Czar, Alexander II., and is just eighteen, and unmarried. He comes, however, for his health, not a wife.

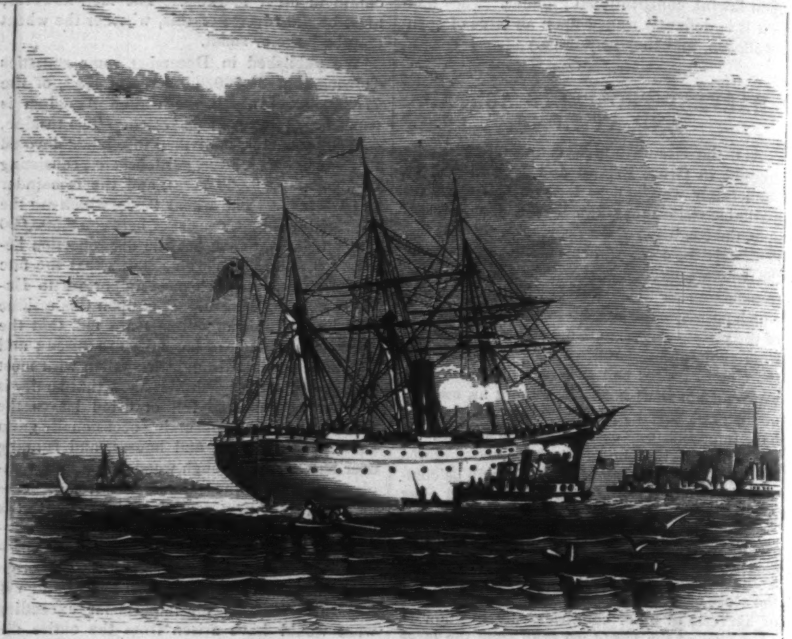
FOREIGN NEWS.

The French people are evidently growing weary of military pageants. At the review of the army at Marseilles, on Napoleon's birth or *fête* day, the crowd cried out for peace and against war. The parades, which were once their amusement as celebrations of the glory of France, have become their horror as indicative of war. An election which occurred about the same time resulted in the defeat of the Government candidate by a large majority. These and other straws show that the wind is peaceward, though the designs of the Emperor are warlike.

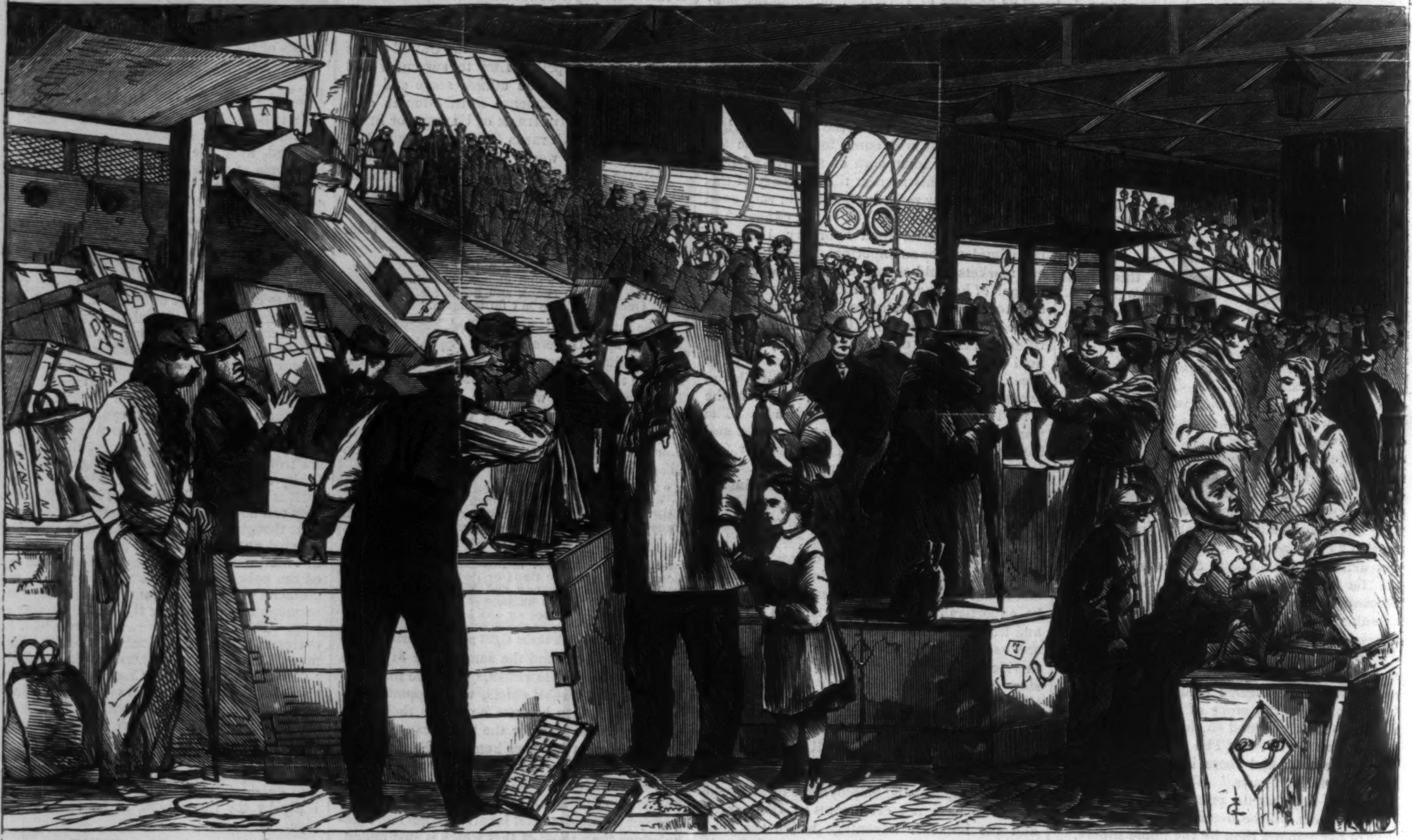
They are apparently near the end of the unfortunate war in Paraguay. A new cabinet favoring peace has been chosen in Brazil. The people are clamorous for peace. Sarmiento, the newly-elected President of the Argentine Confederation, is opposed to the alliance with Brazil, and there is an outcry against President Mitré for having formed it. Besides, the allies have lately been again badly repulsed before Humaitta, with a loss of three thousand men; and such defeats are very powerful arguments in the hands of the peace party.



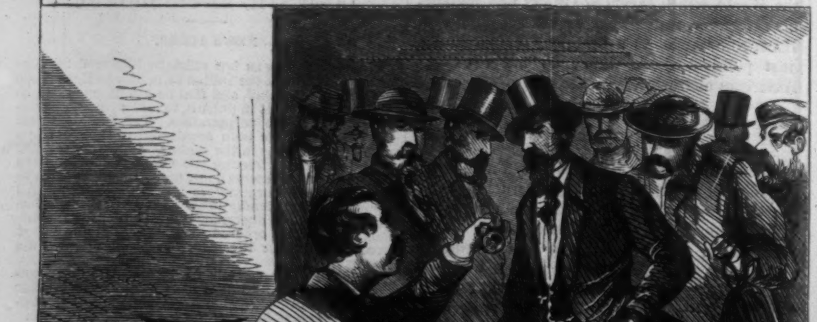
BARGE OFFICE AT WHITEHALL LANDING, NEW YORK.



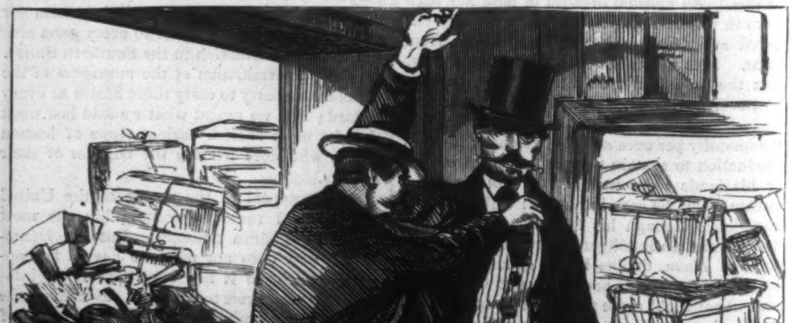
CUSTOM OFFICERS BOARDING A STEAMER.



CUSTOM OFFICERS EXAMINING BAGGAGE AT THE DOCK.



PASSENGERS PAYING DUTIES.



SEARCHING A SUSPECTED SMUGGLER.

COLLECTING THE CUSTOMS—OPERATIONS OF THE CUSTOMS INSPECTORS AND AGENTS AT NEW YORK.—SKETCHED BY T. R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 567.]

THE LAWYER'S STORY.

IN FIVE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER II.

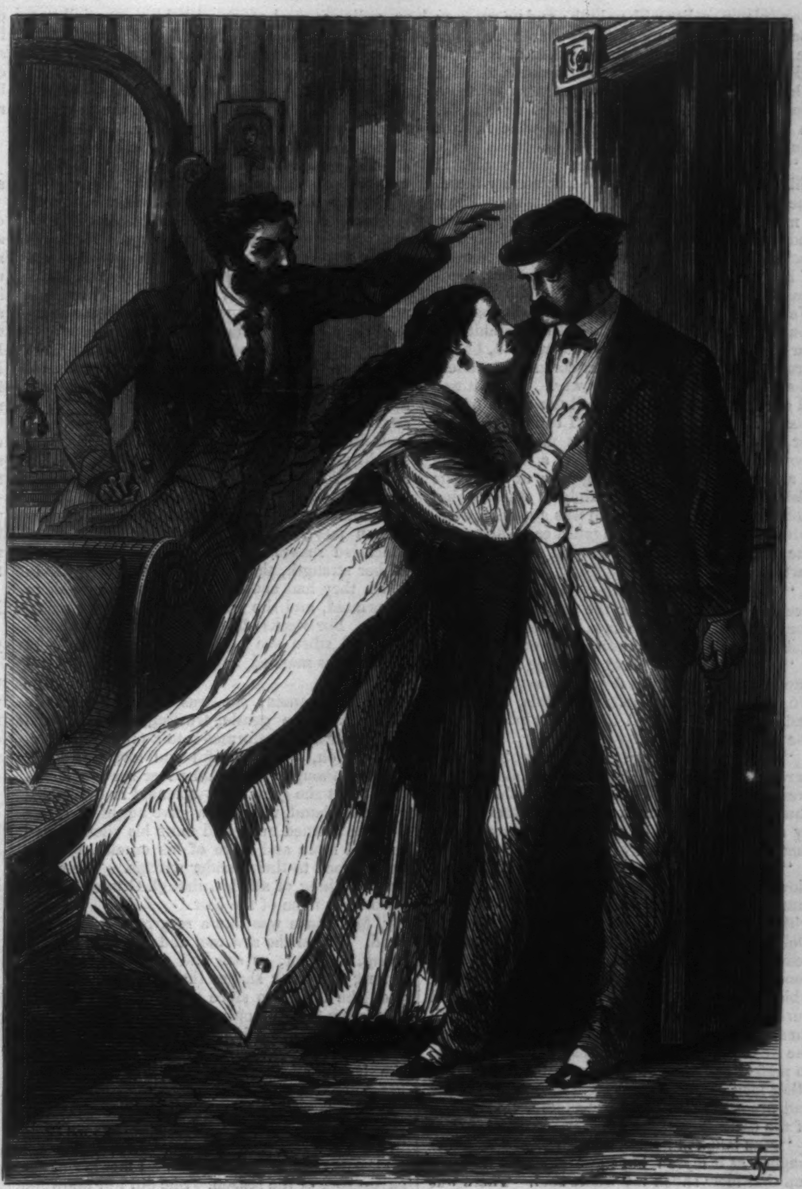
"I ASKED you to prepare a will," began my companion, after a silence of a minute or two, during which the smoke was ascending in curling rings from the bowl of his pipe, and lost itself in the darkness of the upper part of the room. But none passed from his lips, for he seemed to be too much buried in thought to permit him to smoke, and the golden mouth-piece rested motionless on his lip until he spoke:

"I made my will fifteen years ago. It lies in that case yonder. You shall read it some day. It is perhaps as well as any new one I could prepare. But it is in favor of one who was, I then thought, in the world, and whom I should soon meet, and whom I should educate to be worthy the great estate I could give her. But I have never met her. I have never heard of her. I know not if she be alive, or whether her fair locks that I so loved once have lain in the dust for nearly a score of years. No, I am wrong. I do know that she is not dead. I said I had faith in nothing. I have in that. Though I have not seen my child in seventeen years, yet I know that she lives, and that I shall see her before I die. I know it as well as I know my own existence. I have not dreamed that. No; I have learned it, and believed it, and it is true. Somewhere within the circumference of the world I have a child, and that is all I know of her residence, and yet she is my child, my own child!

"I have searched creation for her. For five years I did nothing but hunt the world over for her, and for ten years past I have done nothing but dream over that search, except when I have started off on its renewal, and come back to dream and start again. I have sought her from Russia to the Cape of Good Hope, from Hudson Bay to Patagonia.

"You smile, but I am serious. This search is my whole life, and though for some years I have abandoned it, my faith is growing so strong that I shall yet meet her in the world that I am determined to renew it again.

"You would think me a maniac if I should relate the thousand follies I have committed in this all-engrossing pursuit. I once stopped a Russian sleigh on the route to Siberia to see if she were in it. I boarded a schooner in a gale of wind off the coast of Peru to ask for a list of her passengers. I never saw a means of conveyance or a group of persons that I did not think it possible she was there, and unless I examined and satisfied myself I would be in despair for weeks afterward with the idea that I had missed her. Nay, I turned at every face I met, looked under every bonnet, and hurried up and down street after street of strange cities with no other object. Sometimes I forgot that I was looking for a human being, and looked as I would for a lost ring or jewel. I was asked a thousand times what I was searching after. In those labyrinthine catacombs of Egypt I was so mad as to go through every chamber, and look behind every pile of mummies, it perchance I could find some trace of her there!


"WALTER, YOU ARE THE ONLY FRIEND I HAVE ON EARTH."

"Can you understand what I mean? I was a monomaniac, insane, mad; and when I shall have told you my story you will hardly think it strange that I was mad. To have loved what I loved, to have lost what I lost, were surely enough to have maddened one more than man. Sometimes I think I am mad now. Sometimes I lie awake in the night-time, and believe that all this terrible story of my love and loss is a myth, a fancy, a dream, and that I am a young, strong, joyful man again, and I look around my room in the dim fire-light, and I call 'Eve! Eve!' and when the door does not open, and she does not come and lie down by me, I shudder, and remember what I am, and I shrink under the cover and tremble, and lie like a frightened child, lonesome, and beyond all words desolate.

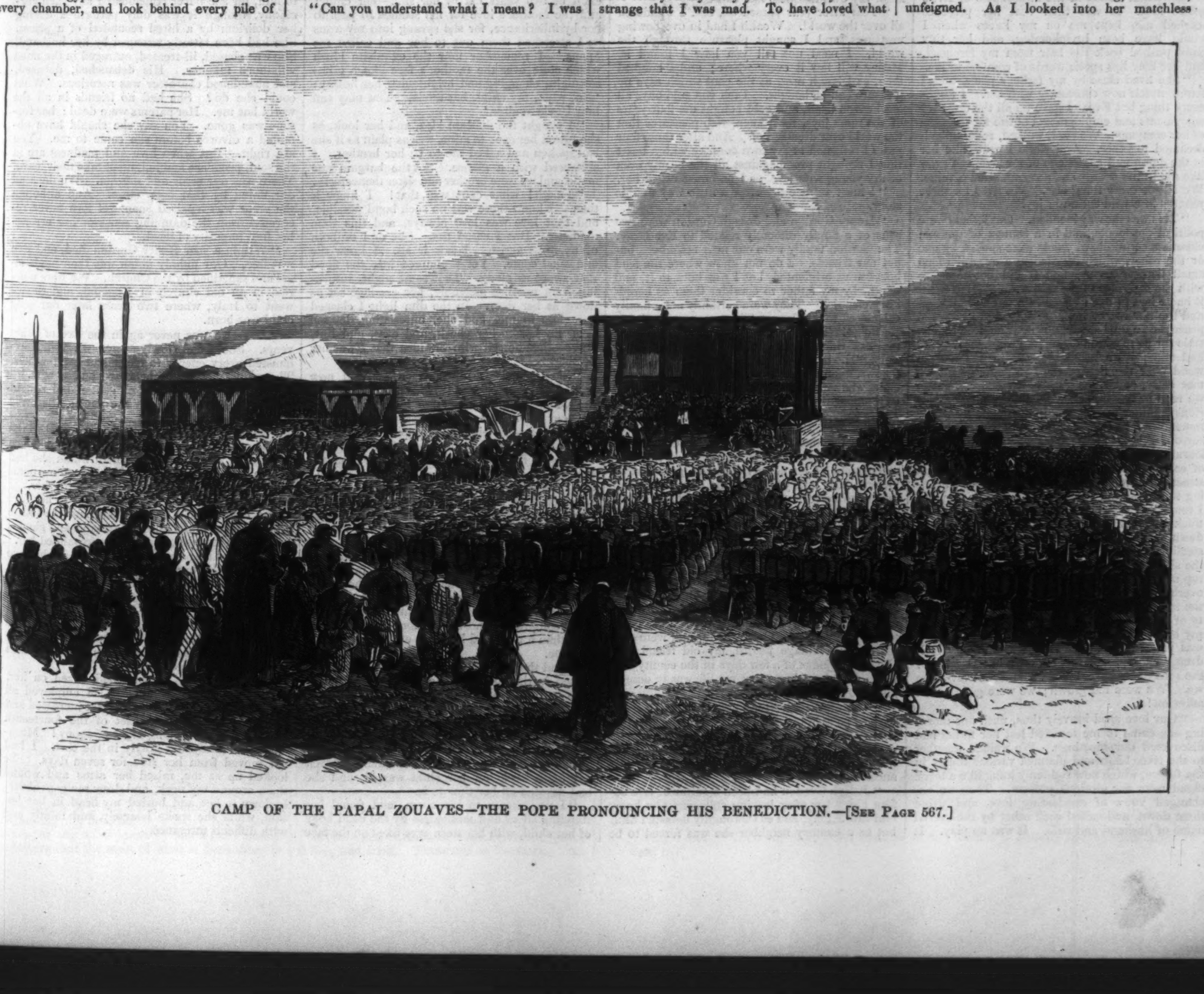
"And I can not longer remain alone. I have sought you to tell my story to some one that could talk with me—to whom I could talk—that the weight of this one terrible thought on my soul may be in some measure lessened.

"I was a wild boy. My father had a respectable property, sufficient to make my allowance liberal, and the result was my ruin. Yes, ruin is the word. I was absolutely ruined. I went to college, kept fast horses, good wines, drank freely myself, and made my rooms the resort of all who loved the good things of the world. It was my pride to have brilliant scenes in my rooms, to be constantly surrounded by the gay, the laughter-loving, the free. Sometimes I studied, and I ranked at least respectably as a scholar. I delivered the farewell address to my class, which I remember was esteemed an honorable appointment. I graduated, and fancied myself a man. I was still a boy, but a boy of ardent, dreamy nature. I had no restraint of mind, no sort of discipline. The effect of the reckless life I had led for four years in college was precisely what might have been anticipated in my after-life. I did not understand any of the laws of life, and I cared nothing for them. My wish was my law. Desire was always the reason for possession. Hence, perhaps, all my suffering.

"I had never loved a woman. Rare truth! I was twenty-one, and had never known that I could love. I had looked into many pretty faces, and, if the truth were known, I had pressed my lips to many soft cheeks; nay, to many red lips, perhaps, that were not unwilling; but that was in the country where I was brought up, and no one thought all that very wrong. The year after I graduated a new era commenced with me.

"I will not stop to describe to you the exceeding beauty of Eve Gray. She was beautiful; let that suffice. I met her at my own home, and did not recognize the child I had known from childhood. She was like a vision of heaven to me, and somehow she learned to regard me very much as a girl of thirteen would regard a boy of the same age, not as a woman of nineteen, learned already in the world's ways, would look on a man of twenty-two.

"We rambled over the hills together. We sat side by side in the glen. The moonlight was no different to us from the sunshine. We made all alike, and we loved each other. She was my angel. God sent her to me, I believed, to renew my soul, to make me a new man, or a man for the first time, by making me a child again, innocent, and full of fresh, warm feeling, untutored, unfeigned. As I looked into her matchless


CAMP OF THE PAPAL ZOUAVES—THE POPE PRONOUNCING HIS BENEDICTION.—[SEE PAGE 567.]

eyes beaming with love and life, and on her features radiant with beauty, I blessed God and believed in Him and heaven. I could not tell you half our love. It was pure and perfect. She reverenced me and I worshiped her. Well, was that wrong? God never meant to forbid our worshiping beauty, so we only acknowledge His command over it. In worshiping His beautiful things we worship Him.

"And she was beautiful. Yes, I must tell you of her. I love to linger on that beauty now, and recall the features which my boy lips have caressed a thousand times, the brow that was so calm with thoughts of me.

"You have been in Florence. Do you remember that picture of the Virgin by Carlo Dolci, known in the catalogue of the Gallery of the Pitti Palace as '*La Santissima Annunziata?*' That calm and heavenly face in its matchless outline was hers. A thousand times I have looked from her countenance to that canvas and back at her speaking features in their serenity and calmness, and wondered where the painter saw her, for he must have seen her, in dreams or in reality.

"She was very graceful. No motion was abrupt. If she rose or walked, or seated herself, or threw her form on the leaves or on the grass, all that she did was gentle, graceful, and beautiful. If she spoke, the words escaped from her lips not as if forced out by any impulse or volition, but as if her thoughts, pure and holy always, had become living, and were making themselves known in a sweet flow of music.

"Her form was full and perfectly rounded; her foot was exquisitely small; her hand perfectly fairy in its proportion; I feared to grasp those delicate fingers in mine. There were two features of her face that attracted more attention than any other. These were her lips and her eyes. The former were chiseled with all the skill which cut the lips of the first Eve, and they were as tempting as Adam found them before. But there was a slight and constant curl on the upper lip, a shade of contempt for all the world, a consciousness of superiority, a pride of soul that bound her to my proud heart more than aught else.

"Her eyes were of a deep blue, flashing with lustre, and they gleamed through the bars which her long lashes placed across them with a radiance which startled you. On me they never looked save lovingly, and now that so many years have passed since I last met their gaze, I thank God that that last look of hers was full of woman love! Yes, I thank God, for when I remember her and her pure faith I believe in Him! and I refuse to doubt even where I dare not believe. We are boys till some great event makes men of us. We can't date the change exactly; but, when we analyze our lives past, we remember that just about the time of some terrible blow, just about the date of some overwhelming joy or sorrow, we grew suddenly thoughtful and reasonable, or, in other words, we became men. So it was with me. My mother died. To me it was terrible. I had not thought she could leave me alone; but so it was, and I was desolate in my grief. It was in that hour of agony that I learned the blessedness of Eve's gentle love. It was then that her presence soothed me, kept me on my knees when I would have been blaspheming, and her tiny hand pushed back the hair from my forehead, and her holy lips spoke words of comfort to me.

"She lived close by my father's place, and I found myself now constantly with her. I forgot every thing but Eve. I gave up all the ordinary enjoyments and employments of life for the sake of her company. We read, walked, rode, talked, dreamed together. And while I grew like her in the depth and gentleness of my love, she grew like me in the energy and determination of mine. We forgot every thing else. We lived for three months in a wild dream of joy.

"This was the way it ended. Our fathers were political opponents, and in a contest of unusual closeness certain hard words were spoken by one or the other, which resulted in a quarrel of no small fierceness. At first it did not interfere with the meetings of the two families; but when it had come to open blows in a public highway, and the binding of both parties over to keep the peace, lest a duel should ensue, it became impossible for us to continue our frank intimacy. We had still private meetings. There was a deep wood near the line of the two parks where we met daily, and sometimes twice a day. There we read or talked, and whiled away many a glorious summer afternoon. How distinctly I now remember it! Seated here in my city mansion, surrounded by these relics of the wealth and learning and arts of the Old World, with the roar of carriages coming in to us from the crowded street, and the swift tramp of multitudes hastening to a thousand scenes of pleasure or of pain, I remember that bank where the dead leaves lay thick all summer long, and the shawl thrown down for her to sit on, and the sunshine scarcely stealing through the branches of the trees, and the sharp chirp of the woodpecker, and the chirrup of the squirrel, and the call of the crow far overhead, and the solemn sound of the wind in the tall hickory and oak trees, and the rare beauty of the girl who sat by my side and read from my book, while her hand lay on my shoulder or was pressed in mine. Why we were very children, you say, and so we were; but angels nor the sons of God ever loved with more of love than we. We were full-grown; we were gods in our affection!

"Our love sped bravely thus, until one morning she came to me terrified lest her father had discovered our meetings. We walked together to the river bank and planned various things in the future, which now suddenly hung like a black cloud over our glorious present. Then we exchanged vows of everlasting love, and wrote them down, and called each other by the sacred name of husband and wife. It was no play. It was a solemn reality with us both; and no one ever went to the altar in magnificent church, or spoke the vows of marriage in the presence of a multitude, with more meaning or earnestness, or with a higher conception of the greatness of those vows, than we in the forest, on the river bank, on that summer afternoon. The wine is with you, Mr. Blackstone.

"Eve Gray was a woman. You smile. I will smile too. I tell you the whole story there. She was a woman. Well, what of that? I was a man. Each had faults belonging to the sex, and both had pride abounding. Her pride was backed by the waywardness and the weakness of her sex, mine by the folly, unkindness, madness of mine. We were living in the present. We had no future. We lived for the passing hours. A slight thing disturbed the serenity of our lives. She was calm and determined, I boisterous and obstinate. I never could tell precisely what the difficulty between us was. When it was all over I tried in vain to recall the origin of the quarrel. It was some trifle. I can only remember that in the progress of it much was said about my obstinate adherence to a refusal to be at a certain dinner or evening party at which she wished to meet me. Certainly it was nothing more than that; but the end was a general overhauling of all our offenses against each other, and one afternoon, in a small tempest of passion, we parted.

"We thought the parting was for a day or a week at most. Alas for the sad uncertainty of human prophecy! We met no more for years, and that little thoughtlessness was our ruin.

"I was obliged to leave my home suddenly to attend to some business for my father in a Southern city. Eve heard nothing of this, of course, and naturally supposed that I was pettish, and she grew more angry.

"I wrote to her from Charleston. The letter never reached her. Her father doubtless suppressed it. I was obliged to go from that city to Europe. I was absent two years, and then heard, by a casual remark in a letter from my father, that Eve was married.

"I was in Florence when I heard it. The blow was terrible. I found myself, an hour, two, four hours after I had opened the letter, standing with it in my hand before that picture of Carlo Dolci of which I have spoken, gazing at the heaven I had lost. Then came over me like a flood the memories of the grand old forest in which my years of greatest joy were dead and buried, and I seemed to be in their grave with them listening to the solemn wind moaning in the trees above them. I shuddered when I awoke to perfect consciousness. I was now a new, another man. The second great change in my life had occurred, and I was a wanderer on the face of the earth, homeless and hopeless.

"Men laugh at human love. I have sometimes laughed at it myself, but never since then. I tell you that blow shook my whole soul. There was no part of it in which it did not overthrow every thing, from the heaven in which dwelt the memory of Eve, to the depths where lay, unknown before, remorse for the last parting that I now knew my own madness had caused.

"Year after year passed on, and I wandered all over the world. Wealth I had in overflowing measures, and I sought pleasure through the world. I need not tell you how I found it. Money will buy it every where; and I laughed then, as I laugh now, at the cant which says no pleasure can be bought. I tell you gold buys all but heaven itself, and gold bought me four years of the most joys, most keen, rich pleasures that the world ever dreamed of. And after those four years I returned to my own country with a heart that I thought proof against all the beauty even of my young wife Eve, as I had once called her.

"I must retrace my steps a little way in this story.

"Henry Gordon and Joseph Gordon were two sons of a family remotely related to Eve Gray. The Gordon family were our near neighbors, but not our friends. I do not know where the feud between us originated, but I was born to it, and taught by my father to consider them as hereditary enemies. They were certainly not a family calculated to win love. There were no ladies in the house. The old man lived with his twin sons in a half-ruined house that was very like his fortune. The boys were ill-featured, shaggy-headed fellows, upon whom I practiced my father's principles when we were at school together. I thrashed them, as you lawyers say, jointly and severally. I first whipped Henry for being impertinent, and then Joseph for interfering, and the next day both of them together for daring me to strike them. This was all boyish nonsense; but it was the commencement of an enmity that has grown more violent daily and yearly to this day, and which helped to curse my life. You see that I admit frankly that my own evil passions have caused all my trials.

"At length I made the enmity mortal by what I thought great fun, though it was serious in its consequences on the boys. They were bad boys enough, and worse scamps were not in the country. But I confess to some compunctions of conscience when they were convicted, through my instrumentality, of robbing the solitary pear-tree in the yard of a poor woman, and were sentenced by a village justice, my old friend and ally, to a sojourn of a few days in the county jail. From that day I knew that my life was in danger hourly.

"You must understand my character in those days to be able to appreciate the effect which this enmity produced. I was accustomed to make much of all such emotions, and my mistaken father taught me that I was to live for family alliances and enmities.

"Joseph Gordon had been a suitor of Eve before I saw her after leaving college. She knew him thoroughly, and as thoroughly detested him, but as a country neighbor she was forced to be on ordinary good terms with him, especially as he had never declared himself as a lover. But when he saw the growing intimacy of Eve with me his anger was boundless. He followed us one day to the old forest, and thrust himself rudely into our company, and took the opportunity to insult me in Eve's presence. I repeated the lessons of school-days. I gave him a terrible beating then and there, with Eve looking on, trembling, beseeching, yet, I verily believe, enjoying the scene when she knew I was victor. He became after that like a blood-hound in pursuit of revenge. He shot my dogs. He hamstrung my best horse. He even dared to attempt to get me to fight him with pistols, and I thrashed him again for the insult. There was no method he did not pursue to annoy and persecute me. And he has had his revenge.

"Eve Gray had been the wife of Henry Gordon more than four years when I returned and heard the story of her marriage. She told me all. How she had resisted entreaties, threats, and commands; how she had been deceived; and, finally, spirit-broken and ready to die, had sought peace and death rather than that immolation. And when they had driven her to despair—when they had persecuted her even to the threshold of death, she still resisted with superhuman power, until, suspecting at the last her concealed reasons and the unknown source of all her strength, they left in her way a paper in which they had caused a notice of my death to be printed, and she read it and remembered no more. For weeks she was insensible or delirious, and when she awoke to reason they told her she was married, and the wife of Henry Gordon.

"That moment she was changed, fearfully changed. The gentle, trusting, confiding girl was suddenly transformed into a proud, revengeful, but oh, how beautiful and lovely woman! She had thought she could never survive such a union, but she grew fairly splendid in the hatred of her husband, which now gave her life. Every day she learned more and more his vileness, and suffered more and more of his cruelty, but she had seemed to thrive under wrongs. The world knew nothing of all this, though Gordon's reputation was none of the best.

"My return was like a resurrection from the dead. When she saw me, and knew that I was living, and not, as she had supposed, a shade among the other shapes that filled her haunted past, she has often since told me that her emotions were first and only unspeakable joy that she had in the world a hope of aid against the brutality of the man to whom she was bound. For she hoped all things, though her life seemed hopeless.

"She loved me better than in the old time. How did I know it? I knew it by my own soul; by her soul; by her eye; by her voice; by all that makes us akin to that we love. I met her at the gayest rout of the season. She did not know me at the first, in my dark dress and with my bearded face. But as I approached her she trembled, and when I spoke she nearly fainted.

"The next day I called on her. There was a child of two years old by her side—her child; and the mother's love for me seemed to pass to her by inheritance, for she sprang into my arms as I stretched them out to her and called me 'papa.' I remember now the exquisite blush which stole over the mother's face like a crimson light, changing and brightening her beauty: 'Not papa, my child, but uncle. You may call him Uncle Walter.'

"I caught the delicate idea, and her look, as she raised her eyes to mine, was as plain as if she had spoken and asked me to be her brother. I answered with a glance. So the bargain was made, and we were brother and sister thenceforth.

"Faugh! what cant was that! I knew it then. I knew there was no such bond possible, and that love was love always, and this time madness. But I cared not. She or I or both of us must perish. I saw it all. I knew the end must come. Yet I plunged into the flood that swept us along. That same night, returning from another assembly, her carriage set us down at her door. In the dim light I clasped her close to me, and she, unresisting, let me press my lips to her cheek, and eyes, and lips, and soothed herself with the idea that I was her brother.

"Shall I tell you of the madness that now took possession of us? How day by day we sapped the foundations of our honor, our religion, our salvation? It was not she that did it. It was both of us—ignorant, stupid, suicidal that we were. We knew the end. Our eyes were wide open from the first. She never doubted that she was lost when I met her in the crowd; and from that moment she had regarded her destruction here and forever as sure. But what sweet destruction! Those hours were purchased by the sacrifice of eternity, and they were cheap at that!"

Ashmun rose from his chair, and walked up and down the room while he continued, furiously:

"They were like goblets of wine in the crater of Vesuvius. They were like water to the lips of Dives. They were hours which in their mad flight compressed more joy, more wild, exulting joy, than a thousand lifetimes ever knew, before or since.

"And the end came with speed. A year had passed in this dream. We met daily; and the days had the wings of angels—fallen angels, if you please—but they were winged gloriously.

"One evening I was startled by a furious ringing of my door-bell, and a message from Eve demanded my immediate presence. I was surprised. I had seen her but a moment of each day for a week, for her child was ill, and she had devoted all her time to it.

"I was shown to her room, and found her standing silent and motionless by the dead body of her child, with her stern eyes fixed on the face of her husband, who, with his brother, were at a little distance. I had not met Joseph Gordon since my return from Europe, but I had heard of him as a gambler and a companion of the debased of both sexes. As he saw me enter the room he sprang furiously toward me.

"'What business have you here?'

"'I have not come uninvited.'

"'You are at least not needed. Thomas, show him the door.'

"'Stop, Walter Ashmun. I sent for you. I desired you to be here to-night. Walter, you are the only friend I have on earth. My father and mother are both dead. I have no living relative but one old uncle who has forgotten, if indeed he ever saw me. You were once nearer and dearer to me than all others. Yes, Henry Gordon, before I knew you he called me wife! Perhaps I was not his wedded wife in law. But I have been your wife, and I am so no longer. I renounce you. I will not be called by your name. I abhor you, and I will leave you.

"'Walter, see that dead child! He has murdered her. Yes, I said the word. The poor, sick child lifted her lips with some lingering love for him, and in his drunken mood he struck her—struck the gentlest child that ever sought a father's kiss, and she lay down and died. Then he struck me. Here—look at my cheek. It tingles yet with madness. And then he went out to his drunken companions, and I sent for you.'

"'Enough of this,' said Joseph Gordon, while Henry stood as if in a drunken stupor.

"'Will you leave this house, or must I put you out?'

"I was perplexed not a little. But Joseph Gordon gave me no time for reflection. He advanced and took me by the collar, and I had no hesitation in striking him a blow that loosened his grasp and nearly floored him. He seized a chair, the first weapon at hand, and struck at me. I avoided the blow, closed with him, shook his life nearly out of him, and threw him out of the door and down the stairs, doubtless breaking some bones, and leaving him senseless at the foot of the staircase.

"Then I walked down, bewildered, not knowing what I did, and as I passed out into the street I felt the touch of Eve's hand on my arm.

"'I will go with you, Walter. Take me somewhere to die.'

"I was not surprised nor startled. It seemed perfectly natural. We walked along the street together to my home. We entered the door as the door of our own house. We sat in this library. Yes, in this room, in that chair yonder, and she shuddered as she buried her face in my breast, and then looked up at me with a pale but peaceful face, and the struggle was over.

"One week after that we were on the sea. You look shocked. You had not anticipated this of Eve Gray. I know it was a terrible, a deadly sin. I know there is no blacker page in all that the recording angel has written than the one which bears this story.

"But in some respects it was palliated. She had been defrauded into the marriage. Perhaps it were better to say she had never been married to him, for she never remembered any such ceremony, though it was duly performed during her delirium by a hired scoundrel of a priest. She had been bitterly wronged by her husband. She was abused, ill-treated, outraged in the most villainous manner. His debauched, debased, and abandoned character was notorious. What could she do? She had no friends in all the world but me. Her parents were dead; her fortune was gone. You say she should have obtained a divorce before she came to me. You are right. But when love and madness are in the soul, prudence and judgment take their leave. There was our error and our sin. We debased our union by that deep stain. And although the error was repaired soon, yet Eve never recovered from the damning sense of her error—her first impurity of deed.

"Within a year Henry Gordon died, and Eve was free. Our unholy union was then made legal and sanctified by the Church. We were married in an old church in England, and thence went to Italy, where two years later our only child was born.

"But Eve was never again the Eve of other years. She faded slowly away. In vain I exhausted every energy to cheer and comfort her. The memory of the past pressed on her with insupportable weight, and her gentle soul sought refuge from the storms of the world where the weary find certain repose.

"From time to time her mind reverted to the religious instructions of earlier years, and once she met in Florence a clergyman whom she had known in America, and he came to our rooms and talked gently and pleasantly with her. I watched with joy the return of color to her face as the comfort of a certain faith for the future took the place of the miserable doubts and glooms with which my philosophy had surrounded her.

"Perhaps had she lived longer she might have saved me. Perhaps had she been left to me I, too, might have faith where now all is doubt—might have hope where now I but wander hopelessly.

"My joy at her returning cheerfulness was without foundation. She was not to be with me any longer, and the gloom which still surrounds me began to settle on my road.

"Eve was sick. A fever had seized on her, and I thought she would die. I employed all the skill of Naples, but the disease increased and hope ended with the sunset of the fourteenth night. That long, long night of agony! Morning broke dimly and grayly in the east. I had not moved from her side for seven days. She looked up at me, raised her arms and wound them around my neck, and drew me convulsively down to her and buried my head in her bosom, while she spoke hoarsely and faintly and with difficult utterance.

"'Walter, do you remember my mother? I w her in a dream just now, and, Walter, I ll never see her again in dreams, never in fe, but I shall see her soon, very soon, in heav-n. Walter, say 'Christ have mercy on me.' That's the first prayer your lips have uttered in years. Mother was weeping, Walter, and she pointed toward Eve, and looked so sadly and mournfully! Oh, be careful of Eve, Walter. Guard her as you would me if I were left you. I am going now. Eve, Eve, my darling Eve—love him—love him—Walter—Eve—Eve—Walter—Christ have mercy on us—take—care—of—Eve—Walter!'

"She was dead, and I was desolate.

"The occurrences of the next four years I will pass over. Perhaps it was only accident, but three times during those years I had met Joseph Gordon, and each time had a collision with him of more or less severity, and each time he avowed that he was pursuing me with a determination to be revenged, as well on me as on my dead wife, whom his hate yet pursued beyond the grave. I became exceedingly nervous about this, and after the death of Eve I left Naples and sought concealment in Germany.

"I made up my mind to lead a retired and quiet life, if I could find a place where nothing would remind me of the sorrowful past.

"I loved that child with all the passionate, mad love I gave her mother. I wandered with her till we reached the Rhine. We remained a week at Cologne. One evening, in the street, I met a party of English gentlemen and a number of Americans. I knew the face of one of them—it was Joseph Gordon. That night I left Cologne. I was followed. My boat was attacked. I fought desperately, but was left bleeding on the deck, and Eve was gone when my senses returned.

"From that time to this I have been unable to gain any traces of my child. For several years I did nothing but search for her. You may conceive how vain was such a search. She was stolen from me by a man who had no home, no residence, no friends. He was never heard of in America after that, and I only knew that my child and myself were somewhere in the broad world together, but we have never met. My search became a monomania. I traveled the world over and over again, with the mere chance that in some street, some city, or some wilderness I might light on a trace of her. You may imagine the effect which this one object of life had on a man of my temperament, and the follies it led me to commit. But my search was vain. The Gordons have been well revenged.

"I came home. I mean to America. My father's fortune had, by some changes in the value of real estate near the city, become enormous. My mother's brother had died leaving me a million. I was wealthy beyond ordinary counting, and I was miserable. Now, I confess to you, life began to be a torture. I resolved to bury myself in solitude and study. How well I have succeeded you may judge from the fact that for ten years I have lived alone in this house, most of the time in this room.

"Do not ask me what has occurred to disturb this quiet. Perhaps it was a dream, for she visits me in dreams. Perhaps it was a notion I have had that I am to die before long, and that I owe Eve the promise I made her to take care of her child. Perhaps it is the yearning tenderness to look on my own offspring, to hear the words of a child's affection before I die out of the world in which I have been so useless, so worse than useless.

"Perhaps it is the love of adventure, of excitement, or perhaps a little of all these together. Enough that my desires are aroused. I must renew the search. I need a friend, counsel, advice, assistance. Help me. Eve is living. My heart tells me that. Though my reason may doubt it. If you will encourage me to believe she can be found I will go the earth over to find her, hold her for one moment in my arms, or if it must be I will only look one instant into her eyes (Eve's eyes!), and then go to her mother and tell her she is safe."

COLLECTING THE CUSTOMS.

The attention of metropolitan readers has lately been attracted to the extensive practice of smuggling carried on at this port by the seizure, by the revenue officers, of a sloop belonging to the State, manned by employés of the Board of Health of this city, and on duty at the quarantine station in the lower bay. A revenue cutter, commanded by Surveyor **Wakeman**, ran down, under cover of night, to Quarantine, seized the sloop, and found on board of her several thousand cigars, which had been carried aboard in a coffin! This equals, if it does not surpass, the operations of the French and English "apostles of free trade," who carried watches in their boot-heels.

This was a startling instance of smuggling; but it was a petty affair compared with the extensive operations regularly carried on at this port. "The facilities for smuggling," says Commissioner of Customs **Sargent** in his report for June 30, 1867, the latest published, "afforded by the great extent of our frontier, and its peculiar and varied nature, are apparent to the most casual observer; but no one can fully realize them who has never traveled along our northern boundary line from Eastport, Maine, to Port Angeles, Washington Territory, a distance of from three to four thousand miles; or who has never attempted to stop blockade-running along our Southern coast. But perhaps, after all, the port of New York—a labyrinthine world of itself—affords as great, if not greater, facilities for defrauding the revenue, by evading payment of duties, as any other locality; and I have reason to believe that the most of what is done there is done on a large scale. I have reason to believe that extensive combinations have been formed by men in this country and in Europe, who have large means at command, to run foreign goods into this country without the payment of duties. Indeed these combinations have existed for some time past, and they have probably been, to a considerable extent, successful in their operations."

The extent of the smuggling can not, of course, be enumerated in figures; but some idea of its magnitude can be had by looking at the value of the captured property. Mr. **Sargent** estimates the captured and abandoned property of this character for the year ending June 30, 1867, at $1,699,345 73, and the value of that seized by special agents at various parts of the country at $1,268,140 40. These agents were specially employed by Mr. **Sargent**, as an experiment. They cost the government $116,582 99, thus yielding a profit of over a million of dollars. Besides, their activity made petty smuggling by passengers so risky that large amounts were paid on goods which were formerly "run through" with impunity. These special agents and detectives—they are of both sexes—were, under Mr. **Sargent's** directions, very successful last year in ferreting out and bringing to light cases of smuggling which had been successfully accomplished one, two, and, in some instances, three years before. Among them were some large operations, in all of which the evil-doers were compelled to disgorge not only their ill-gotten gains, but, in some cases, large sums besides. Many wholesome lessons of this kind have been inflicted during the past fiscal year. The special agents are stimulated by the hope of pecuniary reward, namely, the share of one-fourth, allowed by the law to the informer out of fines, penalties, and forfeitures. By an old law of 1799 he who gives information upon which seizures and forfeitures are made is entitled to one-fourth of the forfeiture. It is this hope of gain which induces farmers, fishermen, wreckers, and others living along the coast and frontier line, to give information to the officers of customs of smuggling going on near their habitations. They give such information invariably under an assurance that their names are not to be made known; otherwise their property, if not their lives, would be in peril.

Mr. **Sargent's** report for the year named estimates the value of the seizures made by these agents at the port of New York at $731,070 35, over half the value of the goods seized at all other ports in the country, including San Francisco. The goods thus seized are chiefly taken from the trunks or persons of steamship passengers, and may well come under the head of petty smuggling. We have illustrated on page 564 the system of collecting the custom on the contraband articles in possession of the petty smugglers, and the reader will find the series of pictures a very interesting study.

The *modus operandi* pursued by the inspectors and agents is as follows: They assemble at the Barge Office, which is located at the extreme southern edge of New York City, and enter their names on a book kept for the purpose. When a steamer is signaled from the Highlands as entering the Bay and Narrows a barge is got ready and the two inspectors first named in the list embark in her to board the incoming vessel. On welcoming them on board the Captain of the steamer hands them a copy of his manifest. As soon as the steamer is made fast the passengers leave her for the dock; the baggage is quickly taken out and placed on the dock; and the passengers make their declaration or statement as to the contents of each trunk. If they contain dutiable articles, and the fact is announced, the owners are permitted to pay the duty and secure their baggage at once; if, on the contrary, they assert that they have only articles of wearing apparel, and such personal effects as travelers usually carry, and an examination reveals uncut silks, laces, jewelry, etc., the officers seize the goods and confiscate them in the name of the law. Female assistants are always on hand upon the arrival of a steamer, and assist in searching suspected persons of their own sex. A custom-house officer remains on duty on the steamer as long as she remains in port.

THE PAPAL ZOUAVES.

The idea generally prevails that the government of the Papal States is wholly ecclesiastical, and that only the priests take part in its administration. There are some persons who imagine that the Pope's income is composed entirely of "Peterpence," and that the commerce of his States consists only in the sale of indulgences or special permits to "go and sin more." Many are under the impression that instead of keeping a standing army to sustain his peculiar church, as **Mohammed** did to spread his peculiar religion, the Pope simply keeps on hand a full and complete assortment of curses and excommunications, which he hurls at the heads of offending sovereigns or refractory subjects. These are mistakes. The Government was entirely ecclesiastical until the accession of the present Pope, **Pius IX.** He thought it necessary, in order to sustain his temporal power, to establish a cabinet of civil officers little differing from those of other European States, and to recruit an army just like that of monarchs less holier than himself. The Council of Ministers conduct the foreign relations, examine the affairs of the Ministerial Departments, promulgate measures for the public security of the State, etc. The army garrisons Rome and the three forts in the Papal Dominions, and prevents the populace of Rome from proclaiming itself a part of the Italian nation.

This army is a curious conglomerate mass. It is composed of Italians, Frenchmen, Belgians, Swiss, and Irish. There are no Germans. An effort was made to raise a battalion of Americans; but the scheme, although it had the approval of the Pope, was a complete failure; the only American who is known to have ever attached himself to the Pope's army is **John H. Surratt**. Soon after the order for enlistments was promulgated it was found that it was not only inexpedient, but impracticable, to raise any troops. Representations to this effect were made to the Pope by the Archbishops of Baltimore, Cincinnati, and New York, and on July 22 the Pope repealed the authority. The total force is 8000 infantry, 550 cavalry, 800 artillery, 150 engineers, and 88 staff—in all 9588. Some years ago it numbered 25,000, but the battle of Castelfidardo dispersed it, and it is only just now reorganizing.

General **Kauzler**, the Commander-in-Chief, is actively engaged in consolidating the hetrogeneous elements which compose it. One of the means employed by him consists in forming a camp every year, which usually lasts about eighty days, and which is designed successively to receive the troops of every arm of the service for training in the school of the soldier. The camp this year was situated within a stone's-throw of that of **Hannibal** in his famous march on Rome.

One of the features of the annual encampment is a visit from the Pope, who goes to give courage to his soldiers by a papal benediction, and the celebration of a High Mass. The Pope is not such a soldier as **Napoleon**, who always held that "Heaven was on the side that had the most guns;" nor like General **Sherman**, who once told a member of the Christian Commission that what his army needed was not tracts but crackers. He and his soldiers, too, have great faith in the efficacy of blessings, but it does not appear that they fight any better for it. Our illustration on page 565 represents the Papal infantry in camp receiving the benediction of the Pope.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Advice to those about to Marry.—Never marry a girl with a "spare" waist.

A lady recently advertised that she wanted a "gentleman for breakfast and tea;" while another, in the same journal, seeks to recover "a lost wallet belonging to a gentleman made of calf-skin."

LADIES' TRAINS.

A Manifesto.

General Superintendent's Office,
August, 1868.

Rule 1.—No train after this date will be made up of greater length than the height of the propelling power.

Rule 2.—In coming down heavy grades (church steps, for instance) first-class trains will move as rapidly as safety will allow, but all accommodating trains will proceed slowly and stop frequently to allow people to step on the trains. Caution, however, is necessary in starting up while people are so engaged, to prevent accidents.

Rule 3.—All trains to be held up at crossings. All empty "flats" standing on the "sidings" at the time should be switched off.

Rule 4.—When three or more trains are proceeding in company they should always move side by side, and on no account whatever change this position. Trains approaching from the opposite direction must keep out of the way. (This rule is imperative.)

Rule 5.—If it is desirable to attach a "flat" to a moving train, speed should be slackened and signals given by bowing. The "flat" will respond by throwing away its cigar, twirling its mustache, and elevating its hat. The answering signal is a smile, which signifies "couple on;" after "coupling" the combined train will proceed very slowly—very.

By order of Fashion, *President.*
A. La Mode, *Gen. Supt.*

Board Wages—Directors' Fees.

Lady G—— spoke to the butler to be saving of an excellent cask of small beer, and asked him how it might be best preserved. "I know no method so effectual, my lady," replied the butler, "as placing a barrel of *good* ale by it."

"**Local Taxation**"—"Staying at home!"—*Extracted from the Betting-book of a "Monster of a Husband."*

FIFTH AVENUE FASHION CIRCULAR.

Mrs. Tomtoodle rose at 11.22 yesterday morning, and was dressed at 4.

Mrs. Foote called on her dentist last week, and left her measure for a set of upper teeth. Her husband is delighted. She can't talk till she gets them.

Miss Araminte Penelope Hermine Sally Jones has a new poodle. P.S.—The "dear creature" (he cost $50) had dyspepsia on Saturday, but we are happy to announce him convalescent.

Mr. Hifalutin MacFitz Von O'Toole took a walk on the Avenue last evening. He was accompanied by his cane and mustache.

Miss O'Schneider had her weekly hysterics the day before yesterday.

Miss Gazelle forgot to paint her cheeks, and was consequently mistaken for the consumptive Miss Robinson by her betrothed. Consequences likely to be fatal, if not to life, at least to love.

Mr. Dandy was bitten by a cowardly mosquito, in the back of the neck, at 6.15 P.M., Monday. Result, some polite profanity.

Thomas Heartsmasher, Esq., made an impression last night on—an easy-chair.

Miss Brownnet (with two n's) is in love with a—duck of a bonnet.

Miss Misanthrope's King Charles dog was clipped lately. His birthday, which is on Tuesday next, will be celebrated by a large party.

"Do you ever have any 'hops' in Maine?" asked a Newport belle, who was dressing for a ball, of a country cousin from the Pine State. "Oh yes, lots; Pa has forty acres of them in one field."

Cure for Love.—Hide in a closet half a dozen times and listen to the conversation which takes place between a couple who have been married one year, while they think themselves entirely alone.

And well he might.—A gentleman who inhabits a "haunted house" felt so weak and nervous the other day that he might have been "knocked down with a crow-bar," because a friend said to him, "May your *shadow* never grow less!"

A cynical wag seeing on the tomb of a wife whom he knew to be a shrew in life the inscription, "I shall rise again," added the words, "but don't let my poor husband know of it."

A thirty-two months' girl in Worcester thus accosted her paternal relative a day or two ago: "Papa, will you buy me some holes to put in my ears, so I can have some ear-rings?" Papa is now looking for the holes.

Hymeneal Con.—Why should weddings always be celebrated in the belfry?—Because it's the proper place for belle-ringing.

"Friend Mallaby, I am pleased that thee has got such a fine organ in thy church." "But," said the clergyman, "I thought you were strongly opposed to having an organ in a church?" "So I am," said Friend Obadiah; "but, then, if thee will worship the Lord with machinery, I would like thee to have a first-rate instrument."

A Maiden's Soliloquy.—'Tis wondrous strange how great the change since I was in my teens; then I had a beau, and a *billet-doux*, and joined the gayest scenes. But lovers now have ceased to vow; no way they now contrive—to poison, hang, or drown themselves—because I'm thirty-five. Once, if the night was e'er so bright, I ne'er abroad could roam, without—"the bliss, the honor, Miss, of seeing you safe home." But now I go, through rain and snow—fatigued and scarce alive—through all the dark, without a spark—because I'm thirty-five.

"PERSONALS."

—Jones is going to Europe.

—Mr. Hardcash has gone to Saratoga.

—Smith didn't have any place to go, and no money to go there with, so he has gone mad.

—Owing to the unaccountable absence of the cook this morning, Mrs. Fas Tidious was compelled to go into the kitchen and get breakfast. Hopes are entertained of her recovery.

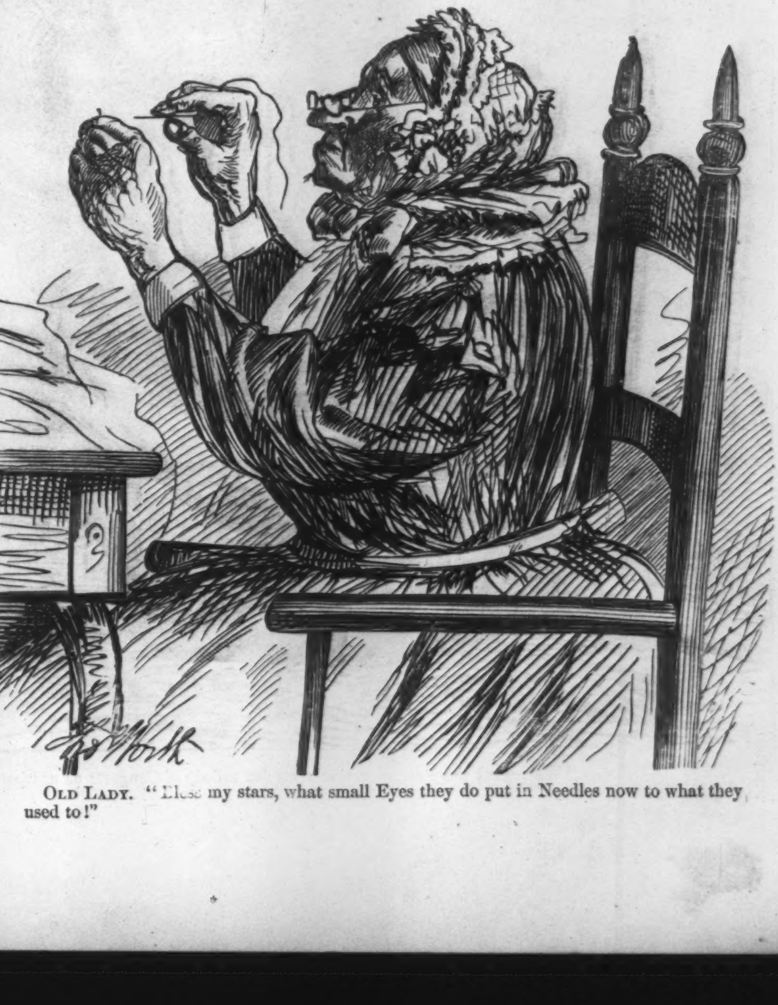
—Miss Anthrope's King Charles poodle has had a fortune to fall to him in England. He is doing well.

—Hans Patrick is building a new chimney to his shanty.

—Stilts had a sun-stroke last week. He says he has had every thing now except a competency.

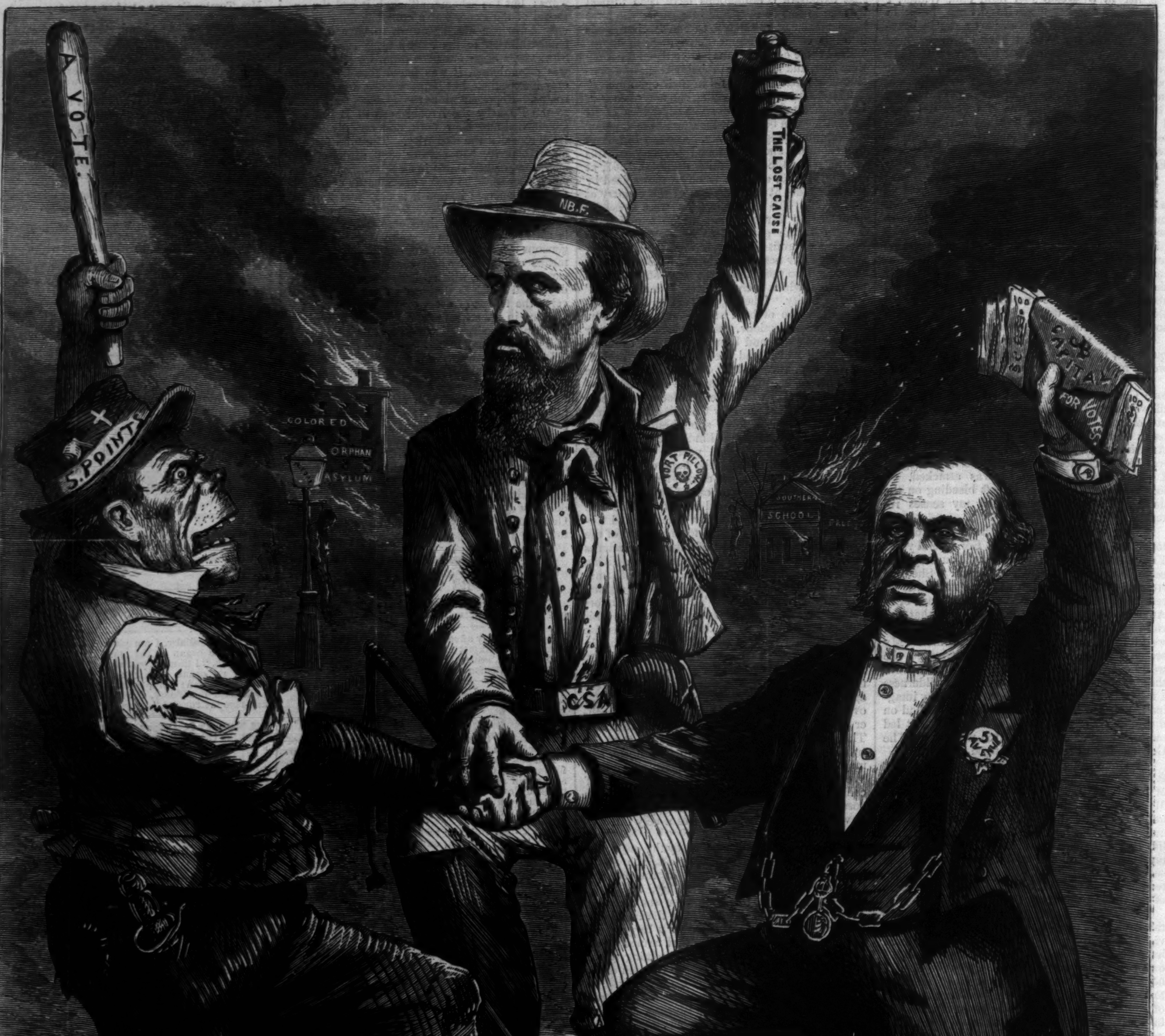
—Sawbuck Dick has returned from his two-years' visit to the Penitentiary much improved in health. He will resume the business of wood-sawing at his old stand.

Van Amburg's elephant, being enveloped in a huge blanket, was picking fugitive straws of hay from the ground by poking his trunk through an opening in his covering, observing which a son of the Emerald Isle, who had just entered, exclaimed: "And what sort of a baste is that atin' hay with his tail?"

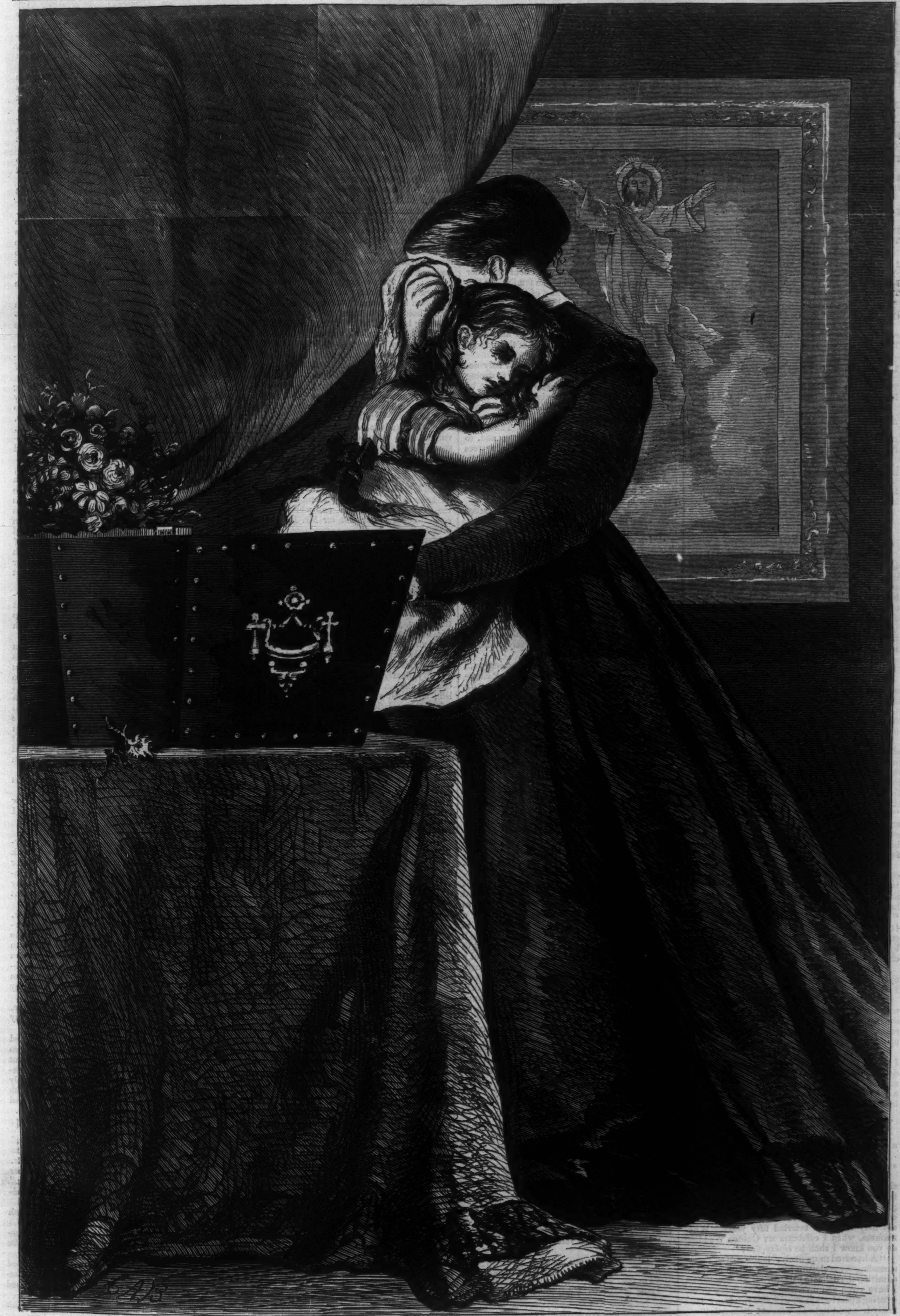


Old Lady. "Bless my stars, what small Eyes they do put in Needles now to what they used to!"

"THIS IS A WHITE MAN'S GOVERNMENT."


A VOTE.
5 POINTS
COLORED ORPHAN ASYLUM
N.B.F.
THE LOST CAUSE
FORT PILLOW
CSA
SOUTHERN SCHOOL
CAPITAL FOR VOTES
5 AVENUE
Th. Nast

"We regard the Reconstruction Acts (so called) of Congress as usurpations, and unconstitutional, revolutionary. and void."—*Democratic Platform.*



LEFT BEHIND.—Drawn by Charles A. Barry.—[See the Poem, Page 570.]

LEFT BEHIND.

See the Illustration on Page 569.

Now the old, weary light
Is wrapped in shadows, and the moon's astray—
I am alone to-night,
And sad, for he had never been away
Until he went up into Heaven to-day.

The time has seemed so long!
'Twas early when the angels came for him;
Only a bird's first song
Was heard in the trees, and all the sky was dim
Save one white line upon its outer rim.

They came so silently,
They passed so soft I never knew them nigh.
They might have pitied me.
Kind ones—they might have let me say good-by!
He will not hear me now, Heaven is so high.

How shall I learn the change?
I can not reason: grief has made me slow.
The one that's left is strange—
He waits a while, and then he, too, will go;
The one that's gone I can not see or know.

I shall not hear of him,
I can not tell if he is far or nigh;
Down here, where skies are dim,
I shall be waiting while the years go by,
The weary years to come before I die.

Ah me, if I had thought
God's people stood close by me in the dawn,
I would so have besought,
So wept, so prayed, they never could have gone,
They never would have left me thus forlorn!

I know I must be still,
They tell me pain is good when it is past;
They say it is God's will
To make his children happier at last;
But oh, the future looks so vague and vast!

'Tis growing dark and late,
And there are lights set in the house on high.
If there be fairer state—
If there be dearer love up in the sky,
Perchance it is a pleasant thing to die.

We, who are left alone,
Do fret so, down in the dark, and call and weep;
Do cry so for our own.
It will be well when stillness grows so deep
We can forget the world and fall asleep!

HANNAH R. HUDSON.

TWO FOOLS.

“SILENCE,” they say, “is golden.” If so, the speechlessness of Miss Percy's lovers was a fortune in itself. Up to her thirty-fifth birthday her admirers, if she had any, had kept their thoughts to themselves, choosing to let concealment prey upon their damask cheeks rather than tell their love.

That they should all, with one accord, maintain such strict notions of propriety was a singular coincidence. It was as if they had entered into a league to stand and adore at a respectful distance.

Why this should be so Miss Percy was at a loss to imagine. Her manners were undeniably gracious (indeed she had already smiled away a set of natural teeth); and she had admission to the first circles of society. It really did seem unkind in *some* man that he did not propose.

The deeper Miss Percy dived into the recesses of her brain to discover the cause of this masculine fault of omission, the deeper grew the mystery. She was not a beauty; but what of that? She was certainly a blue; she knew the poets from Chaucer to Tennyson, besides possessing the “deep, poetic heart” in her own right. “Depth,” in fact, was her forte; perhaps, if any thing, she was rather too deep. At all events she was not understood. Alas! Such has been the fate of peculiar worth from the foundation of the world.

“I stand on an eminence grand and solitary,” sighed Miss Stephanie, gazing in her mirror. “I feel my wrinkles. Thirty-five to-day. The noon of life. I see the ‘noon-mark’ on my forehead. Let me think,” she continued, earnestly, “Yes, I will marry! Before the year is over ‘the only daughter of the Honorable Rufus Percy, one of our first citizens, shall be led to the altar by—by—’ Well, time enough yet to make a choice.”

“Stephanie,” said Mrs. Percy, breaking in upon her daughter's reverie, “what cap shall I wear to the wedding?”

“Wedding? Wedding?” repeated Stephanie, with an air of bewilderment; for in her dream she seemed to be already kneeling in bridal robes, and was just about receiving the ring upon her taper finger.

“Yes,” continued Madam Percy. “Of course I desire to make a respectable appearance. I don't know, for my part, why I shouldn't care as much as I did when I was young. It strikes me a few orange flowers wouldn't be amiss in the border.”

“What border?”

“Why, my cap-border, dear.”

“Bless me, mamma, where are you going with a cap?”

“Stephanie, my love, I am talking of our Golden Wedding. What else do you suppose?”

“To be sure, mamma; I had forgotten,” sighed Stephanie, now fully aroused to the fact that she was not at the altar, and that the bridegroom was yet undiscovered. “No wonder I can not make it possible that such a bright-eyed old lady has been married fifty years. Why, mamma, when I celebrate MY Golden Wedding do you know I shall be *eighty-five!*”

“A hundred more likely,” laughed Mrs. Percy, spreading some elegant lace over a chair back and admiring the delicate pattern. “No, Stephanie; I have given you up entirely. What say to my wearing a pearl-gray silk with this rich lace? How finely it would light up with my diamonds!”

“You seem to be easily discouraged about me,” said Stephanie, querulously. “I may marry yet. Stranger things have happened.”

“Yes, they say we shall travel to the moon in a balloon,” said Mrs. Percy, coolly; “but I doubt it. Now about these invitations?”

“My sweet mother, your raillery is quite out of taste!” exclaimed Stephanie, with some agitation. “If I have been so fastidious in my early youth as to slight good opportunities, it is not too late yet to repent.”

“Very true; but I advise you to

‘Be wise with speed;
A fool at forty is a fool indeed.’

Now do turn your attention to my cap.”

But the sentimental young lady murmured to herself, unheeding the question of caps and wedding-cake:

“Come to me, O my love, my fate,
Ere all be cold and desolate:
Come, I have sought thee far and near;
Come, lest I wither while I wait;
It is the evening of the year.”

“I don't see what is going to be done with our Stephanie,” wailed Madam Percy to her husband; “she seems to have every gift of mind except common-sense. On all subjects but love she talks rationally.”

“Yes, there's a screw loose about the poor child,” responded the head of the family. “Not that we love her less than any of the eight who are married and settled in life; but we certainly can not take that pride in her we did in them.”

“I accept it as a discipline,” said Madam Percy, patting her gray curls, “sent to humble us and lead us away from the vanities of this present evil world.”

After which pious remark the good lady devoted herself for the rest of the evening to dyeing her hair, which was so intensely white as to be of itself another means of discipline.

The night of the Golden Wedding rolled around, and was smiled upon by all the stars of heaven. It was a perfect evening in June. The Percy mansion was overflowing with guests; and, to suit a poetical fancy of Stephanie's, the trees upon the lawn were hung with colored lanterns, which lighted up the flower-beds with various grotesque colors, and converted the neatly-trimmed hedge and luxuriant grass into the appearance of a huge kaleidoscope.

Stephanie gazed upon the enchanted scene with eyes that had in them a far-away look. She was thinking of the beloved unknown.

“‘Oh face that I have never seen,’” she softly repeated to herself, “‘come to me, my love, my fate!’”

But as yet, among the gay throngs of relatives and friends, no such face had appeared, no strange guest, who could be mistaken for a “love” or a “fate;” only Uncle Johns, Aunt Matildas, and cousins and cousinesses to the third and fourth generation, with a due sprinkling of well-meaning friends, who could not claim the least relationship, but were freely tolerated on account of their golden gifts.

“My prophetic soul tells me he is coming yet,” thought Stephanie, who had been reading “Elective Affinities” that morning, interspersed with dribblets of “Maud” and “The Princess.” “I wonder if he will know me by delicate intuition?” pursued Miss Percy. “I believe I am looking my best to-night.”

This was probably true; but a superficial observer would have classed poor Stephanie with the “hopelessly unmarried.” She had no features in particular and was far from being a fright; but with all her studied elegance, acquired in the best society, she was woodeny, with the straightness and stiffness of an old-fashioned clothes-pin. She also wore a decided mustache, which seemed a waste of substance, considering the poverty of her large head in respect to hair. However, it is not of the least use for wise people to declare of the uncertain future that this or that event will not take place. Stephanie had a hope, though it bordered on despair, a glimmering hope that to-night would be a turning-point in her destiny. And, as if the hitherto hard Fates were suddenly mollified by her appeal to their mercies, the curtain actually rose upon a remarkable arrival. The word “curtain” is to be understood in a metaphorical sense; for as a matter of fact the strange gentleman alluded to was first seen out of doors directly in range of a green lantern. He was tall and well formed, with commanding presence and clearly cut features. He had just entered this variegated fairyland, and was standing near Miss Percy, though truth compels us to say with no delicate intuition that he was “the coming man.”

“Miss Percy—Mr. Pendleton,” said a mutual friend. And so the first step was taken, and every body knows it is “the first step that costs.”

Stephanie looked up and met a pair of brilliant eyes shining down upon her with respectful admiration.

“Welcome, Sir,” said she, impulsively, “welcome to this happy land where

‘Every flower writes music on the air.’”

An auspicious beginning this, with poetry to start with! Stephanie, being seized with a new idea, made a hasty movement backward, and nearly lost her balance over a verbena-bed.

“Can it be, Sir, that this is our cousin Hosea Pendleton?” (“Our unmarried cousin,” she added, mentally.)

“The same, dear Madam, and your humble servant ever. As I chanced in Boston I saw a notice of your Golden Wedding there, and hastened here to pay you my respects.”

“He talks in blank verse,” thought the enraptured Stephanie.

“Allow me to congratulate you, my dear Madam. Time has most kindly dealt with you.”

“Oh, you flatter, Sir.”

Little dreamed the fair Stephanie of the mistake her guest was making. Owing to his near-sightedness and the deceitful hue which the green lanterns threw across her thin features, he supposed he was addressing the venerable bride of the evening, his unknown cousin of a third remove, Mrs. Percy. But he was soon undeceived; for his cousin of the fourth remove, Miss Stephaine, immediately suggested that she was ready to lead him indoors and present him to her respected parents, who were standing in the hall under a blazing coronet of gas-light.

Mr. Pendleton could see, despite his poor eyesight, that he was the lion of the evening. Stephanie clung to him like a sweet-pea. Stay; this is mixing metaphors. Who ever heard of a sweet-pea's clinging to a lion? Rather he was the star of the evening, and she a humble firefly looking up at him in a fervent glow of adoration. To say that her appreciation of him was without effect upon Mr. Pendleton would be to do injustice to the most susceptible of men. All his life long—and he was now of mature age—he had been a silent adorer of ladies. To hold silk for them, to sit in a corner and gaze on them, to hand them to their carriages, to be in some sort a foot-stool for their charming feet, had been to him a precious privilege. They all seemed willing to be admired; but when it came to serious intentions Mr. Pendleton had always found them exceedingly coy. Sometimes they declared they were averse to matrimony altogether; but their objection was soon overruled by some happier swain; so the discomfited Hosea had often been doomed to look on at their weddings, holding a bouquet of flowers before his breaking heart. The number of times that brittle organ had been broken and mended was an anatomical curiosity; still at the time of his introduction to his fair cousin it was as good as new and quite ready to be demolished again by whom it might concern. Not that Stephanie was likely to prove dangerous, but there were a few lovely young girls in the company who might.

As Hosea looked about him his dying hopes revived again. He felt an insane desire to distinguish himself in some way, and so win the favor of these unknown charmers. Toasts and speeches were going the rounds; he determined to make a speech himself. True, he had never undertaken such a thing in public but once, and then had broken down ingloriously; but to-night he felt inspired; he should immortalize himself, he knew. He stole softly along to Dr. Shaw, the master of ceremonies, and whispered in his ear, “You'd better call on Mr. Pendleton to make a speech.”

Now who Mr. Pendleton might be was a profound mystery to Dr. Shaw; but at the next opening he politely invited that mythical gentleman, “if present, to come forward and offer a few remarks.”

To the worthy doctor's surprise the summons was answered by the very person who had whispered the suggestion. Stephanie, not being in the secret, was delighted to see the magnificent Mr. Pendleton walk out and take possession of the door-stone. The manner in which he did it was truly imposing. There was an expectant hush in the air.

“My dearly beloved uncle and aunt,” exclaimed the amateur orator, with a grand flourish; and then stopped. He had made a mistake in the relationship, to begin with.

“My dear *cousins*,” resumed he, after a pause long enough to count sixty; and stopped again. The fountain of inspiration had been choked at the first gush.

“Poor soul! Can it be that my presence disconcerts him?” thought Stephanie, in a flutter.

“Or—ahem!—I mean—ahem! I did not intend to be called forth; I had no intention of coming forth—and—and—so forth!”

A preternatural gravity settled upon the guests. Another pause ensued, during which Stephanie's heart throbbed with sympathy, and her mother was “disciplined” to the last degree of endurance. Then, with a desperate jerk, Mr. Pendleton caught up the thread of his discourse again.

“I did propose to—to—propose to—offer myself—*myself* to offer—a few remarks.”

But after wiping the drops of anguish from his forehead, and throwing an appealing glance at the ceiling, the poor man gave it up, and added:

“But there seem to be no—no remarks to offer!” and rushed off the door-stone in despair.

Little Mrs. Blossom, being rather hysterical, giggled outright, to her own shame and consternation. The well-bred Mr. Percy looked apoplectic; his lady wife seemed to be roasting mentally over a fire for martyrs; the tender Stephanie alone felt pity for the man who had tried to speak and made a cat's cradle of the thread of his story.

“Poor dear!” thought she; “if, as I believe, we have each met our fate to-night, no wonder we feel a tumult of the soul. It is a pity, though, he should attempt to deliver an oration under such circumstances!”

She looked up, to see the man leaning over her chair.

“Well, fair cousin,” said he, with the utmost composure, “how did I do? Made a mess of it, *didn't* I?”

“Not so very bad, Mr. Pendleton.”

“I stammered, I know I did,” returned the orator, candidly. “I forgot my speech; but how can you expect a man to remember any thing under such a battery of bright eyes?”

Stephanie's dull orbs shot forth a very unnecessary sparkle. She did not know that Fanny Blossom and Mary Bell, the two mischievous girls standing close by, constituted the bright-eyed battery; and that Mr. Pendleton's heart had already undergone a slight shock.

“I am sorry you should feel any embarrassment,” said she, with a conscious blush.

“I have the misfortune to be so very susceptible,” sighed Mr. Pendleton, casting a tender glance toward the pink and white Blossom, who was regarding him with a smile.

“What a pity, Mr. Pendleton,” said the Blossom, roguishly.

“Very gallant, I am sure,” chimed in the Bell, laughing behind her fan.

“Little did I dream of meeting such attractions when I came,” exclaimed Mr. Pendleton, rapturously patting the left pocket of his vest as he spoke.

Miss Stephanie was startled. What would he say next? There was such peculiar guilelessness about the man, such unworldly simplicity, that it was barely possible he might propose on the spot. Stephanie was ready and waiting for the declaration; but she did not wish it proclaimed from the housetop; she very much preferred that it should be spoken decently and in order.

“Come, my friends,” said she, starting up with the grace of a wooden doll on wires, “let us join the party in the music-room.”

But alas! as they obeyed her suggestion it somehow happened that she and Mr. Pendleton drifted away from each other in the crowd. She did not see him again until the close of the evening. He made his adieu very politely, it is true, but she could not fail to perceive that the impassioned tenderness was gone from his voice and manner; there was no longer the slightest danger of a declaration. Danger, indeed! Stephanie groaned as she laid her weary head on the pillow.

“It is just like me,” said she. “I was always nipping my proposals in the bud. Mr. Pendleton was certainly impressed; but now he has gone away discouraged.”

“Oh, Stephanie,” said Mrs. Percy next morning, in a tone of extreme vexation, “what a perfect success the whole affair would have been if that stupid cousin—”

“Mamma,” replied Stephanie, with flaming cheeks, “I presume you refer to the princely Mr. Pendleton. I am sorry he blundered so sadly. His is pre-eminently the gift of silence, and he should not have attempted to speak. He confessed to me that he is a very susceptible man, and the—ahem—the unexpected pleasure of meeting me—”

“Unexpected fiddlesticks!” broke in mamma, forgetting her manners. “If you have but a thimbleful of brains, Stephanie, it is your duty to make use of that thimbleful. Cousin Hosea is certainly a simpleton; but, for all that, he does not care about you. I heard the man with my own ears making love to Fanny Blossom. I could wish,” added Madam Percy, pouring a cup of coffee with an air of resignation, “I could wish you had common-sense; but, my daughter, your weakness of intellect is my discipline; I accept it as such.”

Poor Stephanie gazed at her dry toast as sorrowfully as if it had been the remains of her last friend. The bright hope which had sprung up the night before seemed to have gone out with the light in the green lantern.

But she despaired too soon. Cousin Hosea had not been smitten by her mature charms, it is true; still she was destined to hear from him again; the Fates, grown merciful at last, were turning the tide in her favor. Ashamed of his failure as an orator, the brilliant Mr. Pendleton determined to show Misses Blossom and Bell that, at least, he knew how to write. So he droned away at a dull sketch of the Golden Wedding, published it in a newspaper, and sent it exultantly to those blooming young ladies, and also, as a matter of form, to his pensive cousin Stephanie.

Miss Percy's sensitive spirits rebounded from freezing point to summer heat in a moment.

“He has *not* forgotten me, mamma! See how my fate seems to hang on that one evening, as I always thought it would!”

“Your fate, you foolish child!”

“She does not appreciate; she can not understand,” thought Stephanie. “Why do I speak to her of my deepest feelings? I will act for myself. Hitherto I have been bound by conventionalities; I have nearly shipwrecked my happiness by being too coy. I will now try what a little boldness will do.”

Seizing a pen, she wrote at once to thank Mr. Pendleton for his kindness in sending the interesting newspaper. She delicately hinted at the unusual pleasure his brief acquaintance had given her, and trusted he would generously pardon any unintentional coldness he might have observed in her manner on the night of the Golden Wedding, for verily it had not been dictated by her heart.

“This will encourage him,” thought Stephanie, with a sigh of relief; “he will surely answer my letter.”

He did. Mr. Pendleton had never received such a missive before, so elegantly expressed, so replete with kindly interest. What she meant by “coldness” he could not divine; and concluded it must be a figure of speech. His reply was thoroughly commonplace, but studied with extreme care. Mr. Pendleton's advantages had been good, and he could write correct English.

Stephanie was alarmed. She was too happy; she was afraid to trust to her emotions.

“I have been deceived a thousand times,” thought she. “How many men have seemed to be just as nearly on the point of proposing as Mr. Pendleton is, yet have passed me by on the other side? Another disappointment would crush me.”

Stephanie tremblingly took up her diamond-pointed pen again.

“It certainly will do no harm for me to ask him what his intentions are.”

“Because, my beloved friend,” wrote she, tearfully, “I feel that I *can not* allow myself to be trifled with!”

“Trifled with! Good gracious!” exclaimed the astonished Mr. Pendleton, dropping the letter at the third paragraph, as if it had contained explosive properties.

He let it lie on the floor till he had rubbed his bald head to the color of a peony.

“As if I wouldn't give a pretty sum if I only knew *how* to trifle!”

Then, being a very susceptible and ill-used man, who had always sued in vain for a lady's love, he took up the letter reverently and—pressed it to his lips.

"Well, well, to think of my making a conquest at last! Hosea Pendleton, is this you? John Meader says wives come to us like four-leaved clovers, when we least expect it. How true! What! that old maid? Homely, too. I must declare it's none of my seeking. That shows it's *fate!* What a deep impression I've made! Poor girl! She is the first that ever seemed to appreciate my real worth. Begs me not to trifle with her! Certainly I won't. And she an heiress in her own right! 'Am I serious?' she asks. 'Why, of course I am. And really I do wonder I never thought of it before!'"

Mr. Pendleton's next letter contained a formal offer of marriage. It was the first Stephanie had ever received, but there was no mistaking the ring of the true metal.

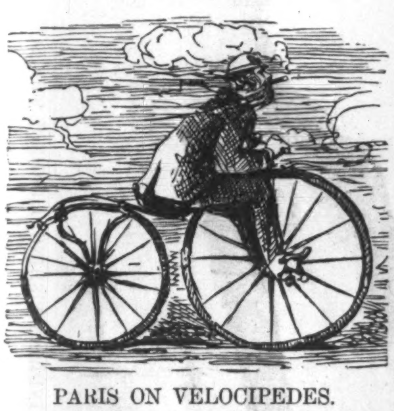
"Oh mamma, congratulate me!" she cried.

"You foolish child, who would ever have dreamed of your marrying at your time of life; and such a simpleton as Cousin Hosea!"

"After all, he's of good family, my dear," said aristocratic Mr. Percy, trying to choke down his chagrin, and call up his philosophy, "a branch of my own tree. What could be more respectable?"

"Yes, my dear husband; if a fool catches a fool it is all right, and we should consider it a means of discipline," was the pious response. If poor Stephanie is only happy, I will accept the lesson without a murmur."

And Stephanie was happy, supremely so; Mr. Pendleton also, as soon as he had duly considered the matter. They settled down to a quiet, harmless life; and it came to pass as years went on that they appeared to develop a little common-sense. The numerous disappointments of the heart which had made them both so cruelly conspicuous were now healed forever, and though never a brilliant couple they have ceased to be regarded as two fools.



PARIS ON VELOCIPEDES.

YOUNG PARIS is just now carried away by the rage for velocipedes; and these machines are now the crowning nuisance of the grand, new avenues of the great City. They are machines with two broad wheels, across which the rider sits and propels the instrument and himself with his legs. Parties of men go out velocipeding just as our fast youths go out yachting or driving or skating. Sometimes an enthusiast may be seen flashing through the streets in single blessedness, puffing and rushing like a railway train. The "knowing ones" survey each other's velocipedes with the awful solemnity with which horsey men survey the points of a horse. The other day, the sprightly little Queen, Fatima Djoumbe, on a visit to Paris, from the east coast of Africa, near Mozambique, was terrified by the sudden appearance of one of these grotesque vehicles, carrying a young dandy along like the wind, and her sudden shriek was duly placed on record. A rich proprietor of Valence was also compelled to utter a cry of alarm when he found himself face to face with a couple of velocipedes on the public road, and his frightened horses upsetting his carriage into a ditch. The gentleman brought the case into court, but got no damages.

This nuisance is one of the "awful" punishments which Napoleon has brought upon himself for insisting on improving the Parisian streets. He has persisted in macadamizing and asphaltizing the roads until they are so smooth that the velocipedes roll as swiftly along them as they would across a parlor floor, and as noiselessly, too, as if the floor were carpeted. The consequence is that foot passengers are discomfited and horses affrighted. The Parisians scarcely know whether to laugh or scowl over this new rage, which they call a superior sort of skating for all weathers. Is the repaving of Broadway with the improved Belgian, and the extension of the Nicholson and Stafford pavements in New York, to inflict the same nuisance on this City and people? Is Central Park to be given up next summer to the velocipede skaters? Young New York, no doubt, will shortly drive some of these fast vehicles in the Central Park and along Fifth Avenue.

This *new* mania, over which Paris is so excited, is after all an old one. It was known many years ago in London, England, as the "mania for hobby-horses." For two or three years, from 1819–22, it raged there, and an account of the mania says that "it might literally be said that every man had his hobby. Hobby-horses figured in the parks, and were to be seen in every road, not only round London, but near most large towns in the country, whither this fashion was carried. Dandies, or not dandies, all were infected with this strange mania, which furnished matter for caricature upon caricature in great abundance.

There is an old cut in existence taken from a caricature published on the 8th of April, 1819, representing the military episcopal Duke of York—he was commander-in-chief and prince-bishop of Osnaburg—riding his hobby for economy, on the road to Windsor. It was a period at which the outcry against the extravagance of the civil list—in which the Duke partook largely—was particularly loud and violent. John Bull, who is somewhat astonished at the figure cut by the royal hobby-rider and his boasts of economy, exclaims: 'Dang it, Mister Bishop, thee art saving, indeed, thee used to ride in a coach and six; now I pay thee £10,000 a year more, thee art riding a wooden horse for all the world like a gate-post.'"

TIME'S HEALING.

TIME worketh wonders in his onward course:
To those who bear their burdens with meek heart
He lendeth courage, energy, and force.
Then, "bring forth fruit with patience," O my soul!

Time creepeth with a feeble ling'ring pace,
He bendeth down his aged back and stoops;
Yet aids the suff'ring in their toilsome race.
Then, "bring forth fruit with patience," O my soul!

Beneath the shelter of his soft dusk wing
He leadeth on in welcome shade to peace,
And gently smoothens every rugged thing.
Then, "bring forth fruit with patience," O my soul!

His scythe, with noiseless surely-sweeping swath,
Mows down abuses, prejudices, wrongs;
Induces amity, assuages wrath.
Then, "bring forth fruit with patience," O my soul!

Hjs kind old hand, for all its trembling eld,
Hath oft the skill to disentangle knots
That we have hopelessly intricate held.
Then, "bring forth fruit with patience," O my soul!

The silent dropping of his hour-glass sand
Is like the unheard stealing on of "joy"
That "cometh in the morning" from God's hand.
Then, "bring forth fruit with patience," O my soul!

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

NOT long ago an English gentleman was rowing about a small lake with several of his children and one or two friends. A little girl, three years old, leaned over the boat's side to drink, and fell into the water. Her father jumped in after and seized her, rose once or twice, and then sank never to reappear alive. He probably could swim a little; but it is clear that his knowledge of the art could hardly have been sufficient to be of any practical use, even to himself, in ordinary circumstances. It has been remarked that it is a "difficult gymnastic feat" to support even an inanimate body in fresh water. Whether this is true or not depends on many varying circumstances. Certainly an inanimate body is less troublesome to manage than a living and terrified person who clutches at and drags down his would-be preserver. An English journal, in commenting upon the accident above-mentioned, gives some suggestions in regard to trying to save another in the water. If the drowning person is insensible he may be towed by the hair, or even by one hand; but when any power of struggling, or clasping, remains, pushing is the only safe method. The swimmer should, with his right hand, seize his friend by the back of the neck, or, better still, under one arm from behind. He should then, keeping this arm straight, take, as nearly on his right side as possible, the strokes that may be necessary to bring him to a place to which he can cling and support his companion till help arrives. The onward motion so far counteracts all downward tendency that, except the swimmer makes the mistake of trying to raise the other above the surface, no effort to "support" will be necessary. These directions, simple as they are, could not, of course, be followed in an emergency unless, in addition to a good knowledge of the art of swimming, one retains his presence of mind.

In France swimming is systematically taught, and there is hardly a town of any importance, if situated on a river, without its floating bath and swimming school. In England, however, no such facilities are common; nor are there any adequate arrangements made by the public authorities in most American cities for bathing and swimming.

Caution should be used not only in preventing the spread of the cattle disease among animals, but also in handling the deceased cattle. In the vicinity of Troy a man skinned two cows which had died. His hands and arms were somewhat scratched by berry bushes, and in this manner the poisonous matter or virus was inoculated into his arm. The limb began to swell and pain him very much. He consulted a physician, but his condition rapidly grew worse until it resulted in his death. A sister, who had attended the deceased during his illness, was also infected by contact, and it is doubtful if she recovers.

At this season, when mortality among children from cholera infantum is excessive, a few suggestions for the prevention of this disease, given by a physician of New York, may be useful: Preserve cleanliness of room, clothes, and person of child, and secure fresh air for it. Use light flannel covering of chest and bowels at all times, and other covering to suit the changes of weather. If a child under six months old does not nurse, its milk should be prepared as follows: Boil a tea-spoonful of ground barley with a gill of water for fifteen minutes; to which add a little salt, half the amount of boiled milk, and a lump of loaf-sugar; give it to the child lukewarm. If the child is over six months old, the boiled milk and barley-water should be in equal quantities. If the child is costive use farina instead of barley flour, or use oat-meal gruel, strained before it is mixed with the milk. Beef tea or beef soup may be added to this food for five months, or older. No child under two years of age should be allowed the miscellaneous diet of the table.

The Pacific Railroad Company are now engaged in erecting sheds over the exposed parts of their track to protect it against the deep snows of the Sierra Nevada mountains. Last winter the sheds that had been built were crushed by the weight of the snow that fell upon them. Those that are now being built are of heavy timber frame-work, with pointed gable roofs, and look as if they could withstand almost any pressure of snow. Nearly forty miles of the track will have to be thus covered, and the quantity of timber required will be enormous. Not less than twenty-two saw-mills, most of them worked by steam, are run night and day, employing nearly two thousand men; and yet they do not work up to the needs of the Company. In a few weeks twenty-eight mills will be running. It is estimated that it will require no less than 800,000 feet of lumber to construct a mile of sheds.

There is some comfort in the dim and distant future for those who suffer great irritation from the bites of mosquitoes. The *Lancet* mentions it as a curious fact that the susceptibility of the whole, or different parts, of the system to the action of poisons and irritants appears to be limited, and the bites of mosquitoes, the action of vesicants, and the power of vaccine and other animal poisons, can not be made to perpetuate their effects on one and the same system. So, after being poisoned enough, we shall be proof against their bites. However, it is not so much their long *bills* as their perpetual *notes* that annoy; and nothing is better than good netting to keep the creatures at a distance during the night.

It is stated that a French author, being desirous to write a biography of Charles Dickens, wrote to that gentleman for materials, but received none, Mr. Dickens replying that he "had long ago formed the intention of writing an autobiography."

A curious story is told by the Nashville *Banner* of a wolf-chase through the town of Tullahoma. A party of hunters were on their way to the mountains, when their hounds run upon a wolf by accident. A race followed. The wolf, not having time to choose his course, went tearing through the streets of Tullahoma at a tremendous rate, pursued by hounds and hunters. Every body in town joined the chase—at least almost every body, until the crowd numbered eight hundred. The excitement was increased by an offer made of five dollars to any man who would bring the scalp of the wolf to the authorities of Tullahoma. The race continued between four and five hours, when the exhausted creature, having been chased through the town two or three times, took refuge in the mail car of the Nashville train, which just arrived as his strength was failing. The mail agent retired to the tender of the engine. Suddenly the train started, carrying the wolf, to the disappointment of the gathering crowd at the station. About the time the train got outside the town the monster jumped out and made good his escape.

The Green Mountain State has produced a wonderful story, which any body is at liberty to believe. This is the substance of the tale: There is a man in Vermont who can not speak to his father. Previous to his birth some difficulty arose between his mother and father, and for a considerable time she refused to speak with him, but the difficulty was subsequently healed. The child began to talk at the usual age, but was always silent when with the father. He so continued until five years old, when the father, having exhausted his powers of persuasion, inflicted punishment for what was regarded as stubbornness. This elicited nothing but sighs and groans. The child apparently could not speak to him, although he endeavored to do so. And when the boy grew to mature age all efforts to converse with his father were fruitless. A pretty tough story this!

A remarkable criminal trial has been recently held at Posen, Germany. A master bookbinder, named Wittmann, was accused of having poisoned six persons in six years, namely, his four wives and two children. All of the wives had some property, and had made wills in favor of the husband before their death. On the death of the fourth wife suspicion was excited, and a thorough investigation made, which resulted in proving that arsenic had been used to poison them all. Wittmann has been sentenced to death. His motive seems to have been merely to obtain money.

In Syria the regulations pertaining to divorces are singular. If a man divorce his wife he can not see her face again. If both man and wife agree to a divorce, it takes place; if not, there is a secret meeting held of the friends of the parties, called the assembly of verification. If the fault be on the side of the husband, he must, on separation, give the wife the half of his property, and *vice versa*. One of the most singular customs of the Druses is, that if news, true or false, go abroad that a man has divorced his wife, the cadi sends for him, and says: "The news of your divorce having gone abroad it must take place." And if the man should say, "I have not divorced my wife," it is of no avail.

The following incident may seem a rough one; but the uneducated Irishman brusquely expresses a feeling which many, wiser, and alas! not better, indulge—that there is no occasion for prayer until danger is imminent. Two raftsmen were caught recently in a gale on the Mississippi. The raft was just emerging from Lake Pepin as the squall came. In an instant it was pitching and writhing as if suddenly dropped into Charybdis, while the waves broke over her with tremendous uproar. Expecting instant destruction, one of the men dropped on his knees and commenced praying with an earnestness equal to the emergency. Happening to open his eyes an instant, he observed his companion, not engaged in prayer, but pushing a pole in the water at the side of the raft.

"What's that yer doin', Mike?" said he: "get down on yer knees now, for there isn't a minute between us and purgatory!"

"Be aisy, Pat," said the other, as he coolly continued to punch with his pole: "be aisy, now, what's the use of prayin' when a feller can tech bottom with a pole?"

The Artesian well on the Colt estate in Hartford has now reached a depth of between 1300 and 1400 feet. Work has been suspended on it during the extreme hot weather, but will now be resumed with the aid of a new steam-engine of greater power than the one hitherto used. The lowest rock yet struck in boring this well is a very dark slate.

Don't sneeze too violently! A man in Nevada City sneezed his shoulder out of joint a week or two ago. Four men and a surgeon gave it considerable pulling to get it into place again.

The streets of London are watered with a weak solution of salt and chloride of lime. One watering a day is sufficient.

Is there not some truth in the following which we clip from an English paper?

"Every thing nowadays must be done on a large scale; a lie must be a big lie to be properly respected. The unhappy wretch maddened by drink or jealousy, who, in a moment of temporary insanity, gives a blow which deprives of life all that he loves best in the world, is an awful murderer. The directors of railways who, by mismanagement, kill a few hundreds of the human race, are courted and respected. The heartless creditor who, by his harshness, drives his unfortunate debtor to take the benefit of the act of suicide, may be admired by all for his many charitable works. For our part we would, so far as possible, punish causes. If, whenever a railway accident occurred, a couple of directors or railway officials were tied on to the 'buffers' of the engine and forced to travel thus for a month or so daily, we much doubt if railway smashes for the next few weeks would be of such frequent occurrence."

Fashions repeat themselves in the course of years, if we are able to understand a passage in Jeremy Taylor's sermon on the marriage ring: "Menander, in the comedy, brings in a man turning his wife from his house because she stained her hair yellow, which was then the beauty." Menander flourished about three hundred years before the Christian Era.

A learned savant of Sweden accounts for the terrible earthquakes, volcanic eruptions, and tempests we have experienced within the past year or two by a theory that the crust of the Earth has been very seriously depressed and broken. He also intimates that, by the exit of subterranean fires and other causes, the ices of the Poles have been greatly reduced, and the angle of the equator with the plane of the ecliptic very perceptibly diminished.

A writer at the "Springs," in commenting upon the "prescribed manner" of imbibing Congress water, remarks that a "green one," going to drink for the first time, walks carefully and timidly; if there is a crowd, he is the last man and every new-comer gets ahead; he takes the glass tremblingly and looks into it and through it; then he takes a swallow and looks beatific; takes another and another, as he would castor-oil, with a terrible pause; perhaps, having finished the first glass, he remembers that he may be watched, and so he quietly takes another, and then leaves for a walk like a man who has done his duty. But your regular drinker is the first to come, and as jealous and tenacious of his place as the one next to the rail of a monkey's cage. He swallows glass after glass like nectar, and only stops when he is full up to the throat. He then takes a turn or two to shake it down.

Why will not newspapers give *important* details when they tell about any thing wonderful or excellent? An exchange says: "There is a village out West so healthy that people can't die there, but are obliged to go to the next town if they are tired of living; and there were two men who lived there *so old* that they did not know who they were, and nobody could tell them!" But what is the *name* of that village? Have the doctors carefully suppressed it?

Is there any limit to electrical wonders? The American *Artisan* describes a book containing 24,993 ems of solid matter which was both set and distributed by an electrical type-setting machine in six hours thirty-nine minutes. One of these machines, it is said, may be placed in a newspaper office in Boston or New York, and be operated on by a reporter in any other place connected with the machine by telegraph. That is, the reporter may take his notes to the telegraph and set them up in type at the distant office. Truly this is the age of inventions!

An old stone house in Guilford, Connecticut, is supposed to be one of the oldest houses now standing in the United States. It was erected by the Company who first settled the town, in 1640, for the use of their leader, a minister of the Church of England. The stone of which the building is constructed was brought, on hand-barrows, from a ledge some considerable distance from the place where the house stands. The cement used in building the walls is said to be harder than the stone itself. The house was used by the first settlers as a kind of fort, for some time, to defend themselves against the hostile savages.

An eccentric Irish gentleman has lately launched a yacht weighing sixteen tons on Lake Gowna. The yacht, however, was built in Dublin; so, when completed, it was mounted on an iron truck drawn by twelve horses, and in her the owner, his wife, and retinue traveled to his castle; and it is said they greatly enjoyed the journey, which occupied four or five days. All along the road crowds assembled to witness the singular spectacle; and many amusing comments were made by the quick-witted Irish.

A new method of ventilation, called the Ruttan system, is announced, the distinctive feature of which is the introduction of warm air near the ceiling, and the passing out of bad air near the floor.

Newspapers certainly produce some literary as well as natural curiosities. For example, a Wisconsin paper says: "During a fierce thunder-storm near Mount Desert the lightning came down through the roof of a house and a bed, upon which lay a husband and wife, throwing the man out of bed, thence into the cellar and out through the drain, and then plowed up the ground to the barn-yard, where it killed a cow."

A Springfield journal tells of a horse which ran away in that city, "throwing the driver out and cutting a severe gash in one of his hind legs."

A notice of a recent steamboat explosion in a Western paper ends as follows: "The captain swam ashore. So did the chamber-maid: she was insured for $15,000, and loaded with iron."

A Western editor describes the scene at a popular lecture thus: "Three thousand ladies were hanging on the lips of one man." A pretty strong man that!

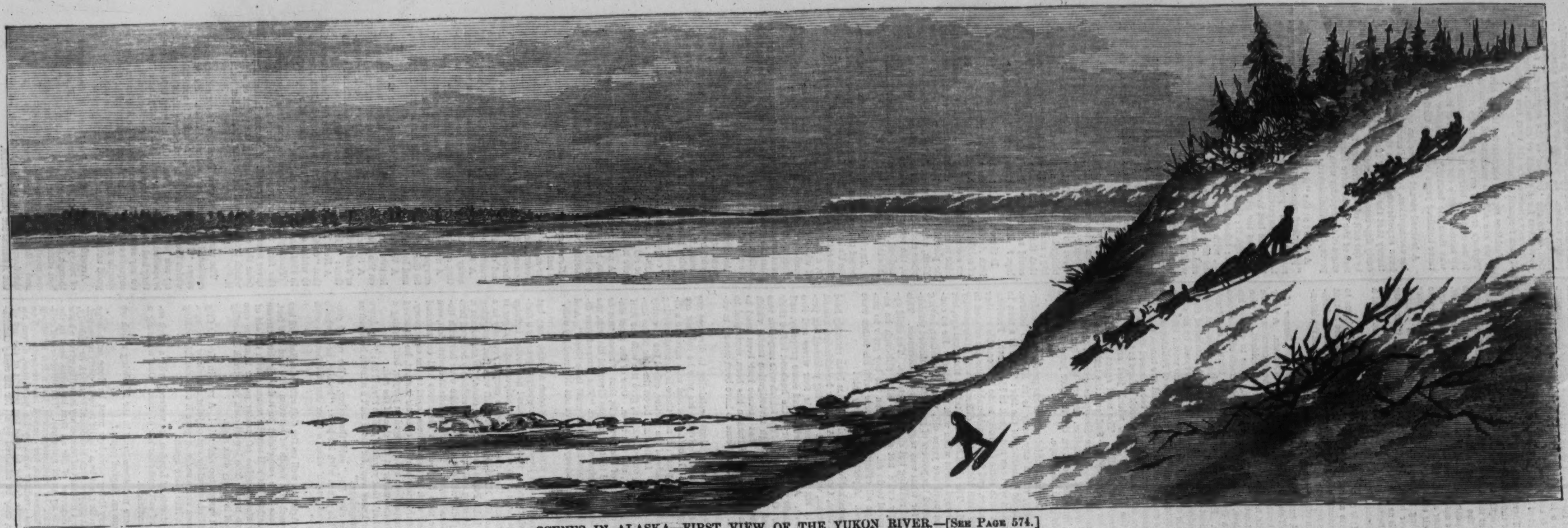
A Syracuse printer, in setting up a book publisher's advertisement, construed one of Dickens's works thus: "'Barney,' by Rudge—$1 50."

A New York daily is responsible for the statement that "ex-Governor Andrew was born in 1818, previous to which event he had two strokes of apoplexy, one in 1804, and the other in 1800."

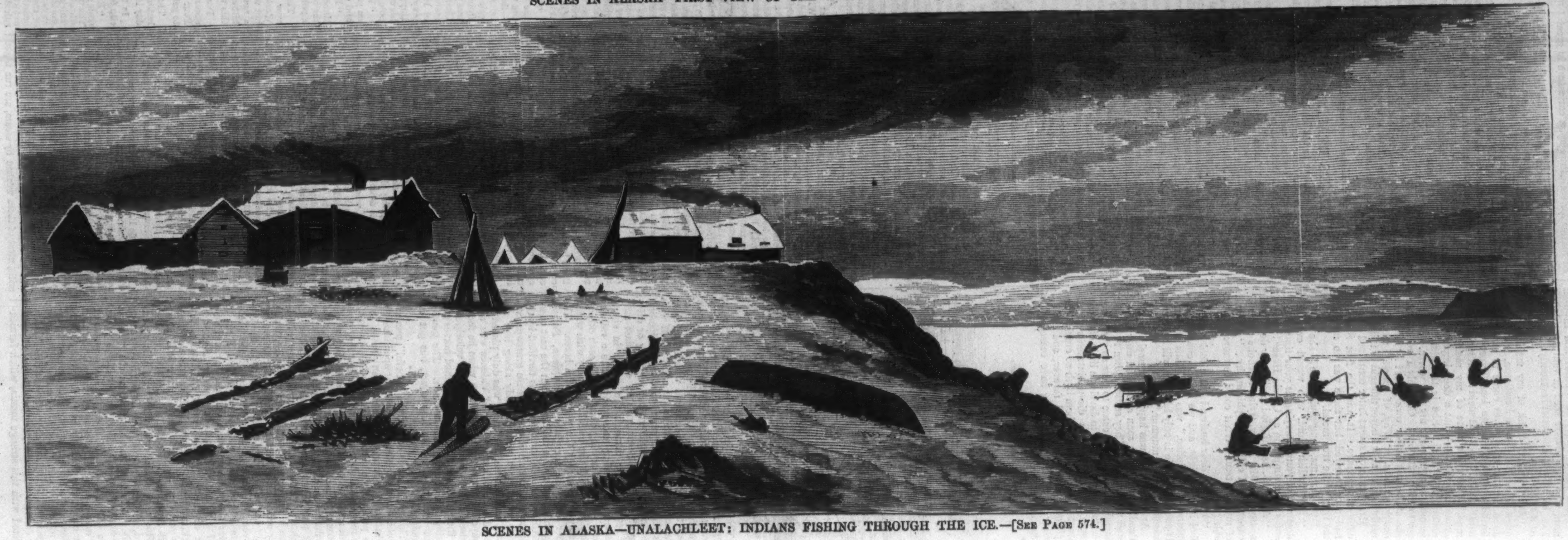
Tooth-picks are inexpensive luxuries; consequently the fatal accident reported from Chicago last week never need to be repeated. A woman in that city died from the effects of swallowing the point of a needle, which broke off while she was picking her teeth with it.

The name of the new Territory is sometimes seen spelled *Alaska*, and sometimes *Aliaska*. Mr. Sumner says: "I think the spelling 'Aliaska' is a mistake, for which the Coast Survey in their first map of this country are partly responsible. On that map this country is spelled Aliaska with an *i*. On inquiry there I found they had no particular authority for the spelling, and on my suggestion it was altered to Alaska in a subsequent edition." It is a good rule to adopt the most simple mode of spelling words, which is sustained by good authority—therefore Alaska is preferable.

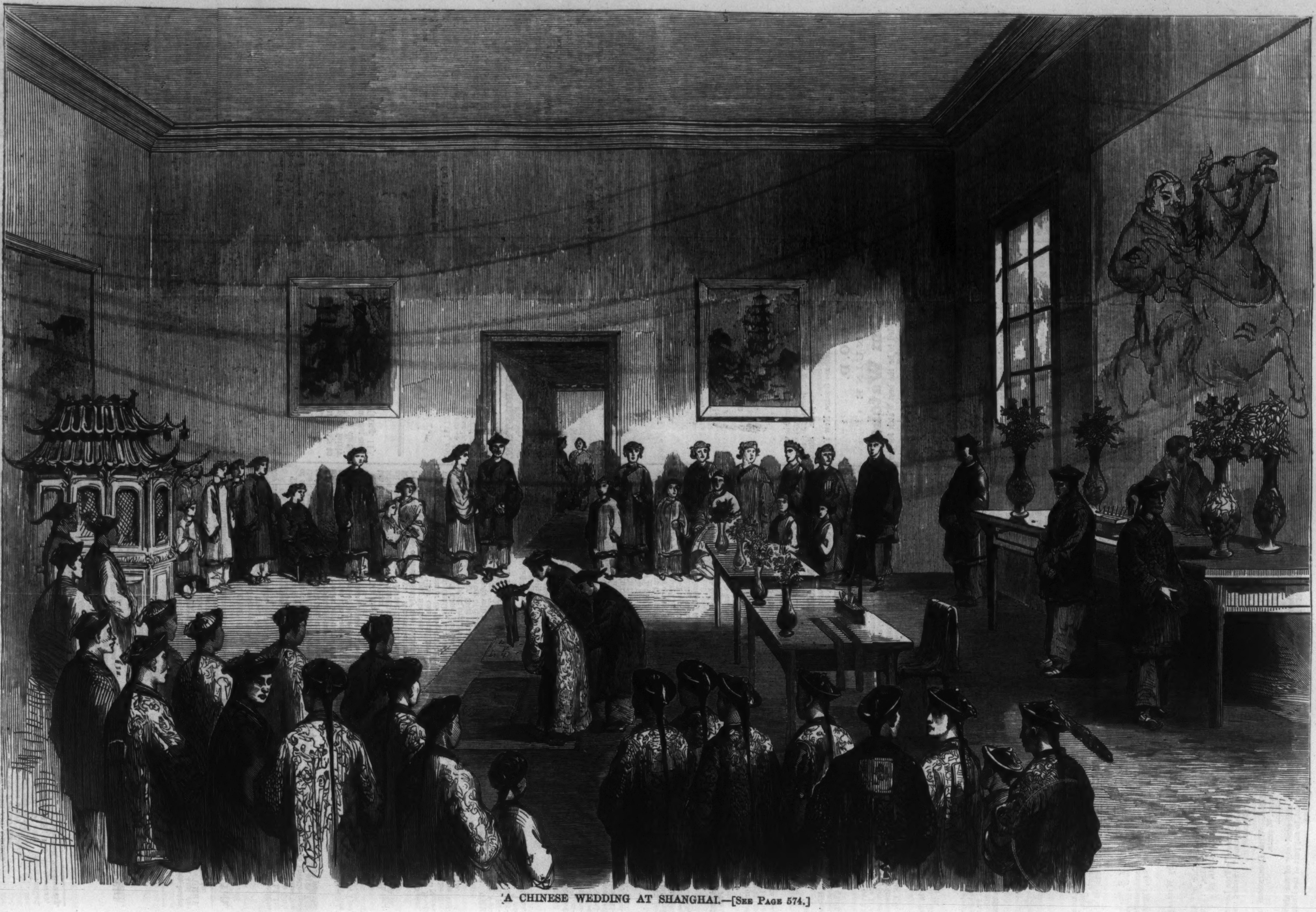
According to the Detroit *Post* there are the remains of many wrecks in the waters of Lake Erie, which, though deposited many years ago, are yet in an excellent state of preservation. No less than seven vessels are mentioned, among them the steamers *Washington* and *Atlantic*, considerable portions of which lie in their original position. On a still day the remains of the *Atlantic* are plainly visible.



SCENES IN ALASKA—FIRST VIEW OF THE YUKON RIVER.—[SEE PAGE 574.]



SCENES IN ALASKA—UNALACHLEET: INDIANS FISHING THROUGH THE ICE.—[SEE PAGE 574.]



A CHINESE WEDDING AT SHANGHAI.—[See Page 574.]

ALASKA SCENES.

IT seems that Alaska, at $7,000,000, is not such a dear bargain after all. It is reported that a company of American capitalists have offered $10,000,000 in gold for the trading monopoly of the country, leaving the United States to carry on the government. We do not know how true this is, but the fur trade of the country alone appears to be so valuable that the Treasury Department at Washington has dispatched a special ship to Sitka to see to the suppression of the illegal collection of the skins by unauthorized persons, and the unlawful killing of the animals out of season. Laws and regulations for the protection of the animals in their breeding seasons are being prepared, and it is evident that the government authorities are of the opinion that the fur interests are valuable.

From all accounts, however, the soil of Sitka is not the most valuable in these United States and Territories. We give on page 572 a couple of illustrations by which, at a glance, the reader will be convinced of the truth of this assertion. It is difficult to conceive of any more dreary-looking landscape than that on the Yukon River (not Youcon, as the map-makers say). The first of these represents the artist's first sight of this, the principal river of Alaska. It rises in British Columbia, about two hundred miles east of Sitka, and runs due north through Alaska to the Arctic Ocean. Of the first glimpse of this river the artist says: "About noon (of November 11, 1866) we could see a faint streak of blue over the trees. We traveled hard to reach it, and at sundown broke from the woods, shot down a steep bank, and stood on an immense snow-covered field of ice, the mighty Yukon. Hardly a patch of 'clear' ice was to be seen; it was every where covered with a wintry mantle, the river in but a few places still open, and running swiftly. From bank to bank was not less than a mile, and several of the thousand islands of the river were visible in either direction." The Yukon is the great highway of the country in winter for the Indian hunter, and for the traveler or trader, and dog-sledges are universally used. When arrived at such a bank as that represented in our illustration it is no uncommon thing for the sledge to run over the dogs, pushing them into the snow, but rarely hurting them. The driver always does his best to impede the progress of the sledge, often by throwing himself on the ground, hanging on to it all the while, till it reaches the level surface of the river.

Another illustration represents the most northern post on the coast of Russian America—that at the mouth of the Unalachleet River, in Norton Sound, Behring Sea. The engraving shows a number of the Indians engaged, as they are constantly at the commencement of the winter, in fishing through holes in the ice of the river. A small kind of "white fish" is taken in quantities. Unalachleet is the starting-point on the coast of the direct route to the Yukon River, and the sketch represents the Unalachleet frozen up and snow-covered, as it appears during eight months of the year.

A CHINESE WEDDING.

CHINA is the Paradise of matrimonial match-makers. All the courting there is done by proxy—and the "go-between" is employed, not by the lovers, but their parents! The go-between is not even instructed whom to court, but he goes into the market and chooses hap-hazard. He is a sort of walking personal in the *Herald*—an amateur matrimonial agent. Altogether, courting in China is a very slow affair.

The marriage notices are never accompanied by the significant words "No cards." The fact is that "cards" precede the marriage, and the betrothal is not accomplished until cards on which are written the hour, day, month, and year of the birth of the candidates for the holy state are exchanged, and then the parties are firmly bound forever. The marriage may take place in a month, or not until twenty years after, still the betrothed parties are bound by the exchange of cards, and no man puts them asunder.

The ceremony of marriage is very interesting. We give on page 573 an illustration of a marriage as witnessed lately at Shanghai. The artist thus describes it in full:

> While staying at Shanghai I was invited by the compradore of a mercantile hong to visit his house upon an occasion of this interesting nature. The bridegroom was a man of thirty-five, one of the agents of the firm at Hakodadi; the bride was twenty years of age, and daughter of a wealthy Shanghai native merchant. All the company wore their best dresses: long loose coats or pelisses of dark purple silk, lined with skins or embroidered, under which they had lighter gowns of blue silk; their heads were covered with silk or velvet hats topped with colored glass buttons and tassels. They sat at several little tables, six guests at each, and feasted on twenty-six different dishes. The bridegroom, who was distinguished by wearing a large necklace of crystal and green jade, assisted the host and other friends in serving the company. After dining, smoking, and drinking tea, they enjoyed a concert of music performed on shrill instruments. A salute of guns was fired and a few crackers let off in the court-yard and street outside. A gorgeously-decorated sedan-chair, or rather cage, was then sent to fetch the bride, who arrived at four o'clock in the afternoon. The dining-room, in which the ceremony was to take place, had been cleared and garnished; only two tables being left, on which were placed several large candlesticks, decked with paper flowers and containing lighted candles; some joss-sticks were likewise set burning on the tables, in front of which a scarlet foot-cloth and cushions were laid, upon which the wedded pair were to pledge their mutual vows. The company was by this time increased by the arrival of many ladies, wives of the male guests, handsomely attired in sky-blue silk pelisses, lined with ermine, and a profusion of jewelry, necklaces, bracelets, rings, with gold pins, and other ornaments in their hair; they had also their pretty tiny shoes. The chair in which the bride was carried having been borne into the room with a stately procession, the curtains around the chair were then drawn aside by the bride's nurse, who at once led her forth; a bird of the most gorgeous plumage, quite a bundle of embroidery, in scarlet, black, and gold, with a belt of pink silk and ivory round her waist, and her head crowned with a tiara of false jewels, and further decorated with crimson paper flowers upon a chignon, and with a crimson silk veil, two feet in length, entirely hiding her face. The bridegroom had meantime come in from an adjoining room, preceded by a master of the ceremonies, with a lighted candle in each hand. Standing near one of the tables, he took three burning joss-sticks in his hands, and responded to the questions put to him by a priest, bowing repeatedly at the shrine of the joss or idol, some pictures of whom hung on the walls. The bride, having been placed beside him, supported by the old nurse, who had a little scarlet flag in her hand, was similarly addressed, and made the proper responses. A green ribbon was then handed to the bridegroom, and a red one to the bride; these were knotted together, and the new husband, amidst a flourish of music, led off his new wife to their nuptial chamber. Here several of their family and friends, including two older wives of the same man, awaited them, ranged on each side of the bedstead, to pronounce the prescribed benedictions, and to bestow a quantity of ground seed and nuts, of different sorts mixed together, which they did not eat, but had sprinkled over them. After a little time the newly-married couple returned into the dining-room and sat down to a sumptuous repast. The old nurse first carefully tasted every article of food, to see whether it was fit for her young lady to eat. A baby, two or three months old, was then brought and placed on the bride's lap, to test her love for children. The bride and bridegroom were afterward formally introduced, in their new character, to every one of their respective friends and relatives on each side, the names being proclaimed by a herald or usher. This lasted an hour or more, but the gentleman and lady were at last permitted to retire. Large bowls of oil, with floating wicks alight, had been placed around the marriage bed, as a votive sacrifice to the deity on their behalf. The bride's trousseau, filling ten huge boxes or trunks, was deposited in one corner of the room. After three days' seclusion the newly-wedded pair began to receive visits of social congratulation.

WE believe the officers of the MANHATTAN to be honest and responsible, and their plan fairly set forth in their prospectus, to which we direct those contemplating Life Insurance, leaving each to judge for himself.—*N. Y. Tribune* (Aug. 11). See Prospectus in next column.

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Stomach nostrums that we mention
Into ruin will be hurled.
Public outward application
Of this Paint in every land,
Satisfying every nation—
Pain Paint is the great demand.

Ask for Wolcott's Pain Paint, in white outside wrappers—take none other—or send to the General Office for it. Pint bottles, $5; quart, $8; gallon, $20; sent free of express charges on receipt of the price. Small bottles can be bought at Drug Stores.

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The same, Extra Jeweled.......................... 20 00
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CO-OPERATIVE
RELIEF ASSOCIATION.

OFFICE MANHATTAN CO-OPERATIVE RELIEF ASSOCIATION,
No. 432 BROOME STREET, NEW YORK.

THE MANHATTAN CO-OPERATIVE RELIEF ASSOCIATION is chartered by the State of New York.

OBJECT.

The object of this Association is to secure a cash payment within forty days after the death of a member of as many dollars as there are members in the class to which he or she belongs, to his or her heirs.

MEMBERSHIP FEES.

The membership fees are six dollars at joining (for which a policy will be furnished), and one dollar and ten cents on the death of each member, of which due notice will be given. One dollar from each member goes to the widow or heirs of the deceased member, and the ten cents for the expenses of collecting.

INVESTMENTS.

The By-Laws of the Association require that one third of the money received as new membership fees shall be made a sinking fund to meet payments falling due by the delinquencies of members. This fund is held by the

NATIONAL TRUST CO.,

and will be invested in United States Bonds, or real estate, or bond and mortgage upon New York City property, which property shall be double the value of the money so loaned.

THE FUNDS.

The remaining two thirds, after paying the expenses of the Association, shall be invested in real estate in the City of New York, or in bond and mortgage on property in the City of New York, the interest of which shall go to pay the current expenses of the Association. If a deceased member leaves no heirs, the money becomes the property of the Association, with the proviso that the expenses of burial shall be paid out of such funds—said expenses, however, not to exceed one hundred dollars.

A member failing to pay his fee of one dollar and ten cents within thirty days from date of notice, forfeits all claims upon the Association, and also forfeits all money previously paid. In the Pacific States this time is extended to sixty days. A member having no permanent residence must notify the Secretary, and appoint a representative to pay his fees.

When members choose they can send ten dollars and fifty cents to the Treasurer to prepay their fees, which sum will pay for ten deaths, thus saving the trouble of sending $1 10 each time, besides a saving of fifty cents. No man is so poor that he can not pay $6 now, and $1 10 occasionally, thus securing $5000 to his heirs. The average number of dollars each person will have to pay to secure $5000 will be $30 per year, a little over fifty cents per week. This makes this mode of insurance cost about one sixth what they would have to pay any regular Insurance Company for a $5000 policy.

This company is divided into ten classes for men, and ten classes for women. As soon as these classes are filled ten new classes will be adopted. Men and women are not allowed in the same classes. Every thing is done to make each class equal.

CLASSES.

In class A all persons betw'n the ages of 15 and 20 yrs.
In class B all persons betw'n the ages of 20 and 25 yrs.
In class C all persons betw'n the ages of 25 and 30 yrs.
In class D all persons betw'n the ages of 30 and 35 yrs.
In class E all persons betw'n the ages of 35 and 40 yrs.
In class F all persons betw'n the ages of 40 and 45 yrs.
In class G all persons betw'n the ages of 45 and 50 yrs.
In class H all persons betw'n the ages of 50 and 55 yrs.
In class I all persons betw'n the ages of 55 and 60 yrs.
In class K all persons betw'n the ages of 60 and 65 yrs.

The classes for women are the same as above. Any one that is found to give his or her age wrong will be expelled, and the moneys paid forfeited to the Association. Each class is limited to 5000 members. Each person pays $6 upon becoming a member, and $1 10 each time a member dies *belonging to the same class he or she may be a member of.*

A member of one class can not be assessed this dollar if a member of another class dies. Each class is INDEPENDENT, *having no connection with any other.*

ILLUSTRATION.

Class "A" has 5000 male members. A man dies. The Association pays over, within forty days, $5000 to the widow or heirs, and the remaining members forward, within thirty days, $1 10 each to the Association to reimburse it. Failing to send this sum, they forfeit to the Association all moneys paid, and the Association supplies a new member to fill the place of the retiring one.

ADVANTAGES.

The advantages of this Association over ordinary Life Insurance Companies are, no panics can break it; the fees are so small, and required to be paid at such long intervals, that any man can secure to his family a competency upon his death.

HOW TO BECOME MEMBERS.

Any one desiring to become a member must send $6, in check, bank draft, postal order, or by express, the expressage being paid by the applicant. *Under no circumstance will the Association be responsible for moneys sent but in this way.* Agents are not allowed to receive moneys, but must ask for checks, &c., &c. Persons paying an agent otherwise than by check do it at their own risk. All checks, &c., must be payable to the order of W. S. CARMAN, Treasurer. Accompanying the money must be a paper giving the applicant's full name, age, birth-place, present occupation, who the policy is in favor of, post-office address, town, county, state—*also, a Medical Certificate*, setting forth the physical condition, and whether, in the opinion of the doctor examining, the applicant is a proper person to be insured. Blank forms of application for membership will be sent upon application.

Agents are not allowed to receive money but in the form of a check, draft, or postal order, made payable to the order of W. S. CARMAN, Treasurer.

Each member ought to try to make new members; by so doing he benefits himself. No letter will be noticed that does not contain a three-cent postage stamp to prepay return postage.

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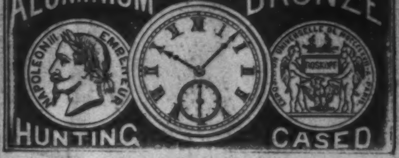

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